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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]



[THE NEW LORD.]

CLARICE VILLIERS;

OR,

WHAT LOVE FEARED.

CHAPTER XL.

A TRANSFORMATION.

"I come in palmer's weeds," he said,
"With sandall'd shoon and scallop shell,
Yet noble is my name, fair maid,
And wide my lands o'er hill and dell."

OLD BALLAD.

It was with an aching brow and a troubled heart that Clarice Villiers made her appearance at the family breakfast table the next morning. Upon many grounds she would have preferred to have remained in the seclusion of her own rooms. And not the least of these reasons was her repugnance to meeting Basil Olyfaunt. She had an instinctive feeling that, in truth, his hour of triumph had in part come. He had of course joined in the search of the previous day, but he had not failed to throw out on his return some half-conjectures most disparaging to Lord Redmond, although so discreetly veiled, so carefully worded, that they seemed rather intended to reassure the family at the Manor than to convey any definite imputation on the absent man.

But anxiety to learn any intelligence of her lover overcame this feeling and Clarice joined the circle. Her mind had been full of a thousand

conjectures, all equally unsatisfactory, and all ending at last in the one terrible conclusion that she should see Everard Redmond alive no more.

Clarice struggled against the conviction with all her energy. She knew her lover to be a consummate horseman, and it seemed impossible he should have met his death by any accident which should have left no slightest mark upon the animal which he had ridden.

On the other hand if he was living why was he not there?

The subject engrossed the conversation at the breakfast table, every individual of the circle looking at the event from his or her own standpoint.

"You must institute an organised search to-day, Mr. Villiers," said the lady of the house. "Desultory efforts like those of yesterday are of no use."

"We searched pretty closely yesterday, I fancy," said Basil.

"You must get some men from all the neighbouring farms," said Mrs. Villiers, with decision. "My dear," turning to her husband, "it is your plain duty to your guest. Poor Lord Redmond! We must think of his father. At least we can recover his body."

She had forgotten Clarice, sitting opposite. On catching sight of her daughter's ghastly pale face she stopped abruptly.

"Yes, we can get a lot of the yokels and beat every inch of ground within a radius of twenty miles of the Manor as if we were beating up the stubbles for partridges. But we shall not find Lord Redmond," said Basil, thoughtfully.

A terrible suspicion shot through Clarice's

breast at the calm, confident decision. She fixed her troubled eyes full on the secretary.

"How can you know that, Mr. Olyfaunt?" she asked in a broken voice.

"I cannot give the grounds for my conclusions but I have faith in them."

"You are a very clear-headed young man, Basil," said Mr. Villiers, fidgeting with his knife. "But, upon my soul, I can't share in your view. Poor Redmond can't well be beyond the limits you have named."

"I don't suppose he is."

"Well then, if that accursed chestnut has refused to take some stiff bit of fencing and left poor Redmond lying disabled in a ditch, what is to prevent us discovering and assisting him?"

"Nothing, in such a case. But my belief is that after we have tired ourselves and half the country side out by a couple of days more search we shall see Lord Redmond walk into the drawing-room of the Manor whole in wind and limb, and assuring us that we were crass idiots for our pains."

"Oh, no, I don't think so, Basil," said the master of the house. "I don't think so. That would be too bad, altogether too bad. By George! I'll never forgive him if he causes us to lose precious time just now on a wild-goose chase. And we can't look for him the day after to-morrow. By George, no! That will be the day of the election."

"I think it very shameful that Mr. Olyfaunt should dare to say such things," cried Clarice, half tearful and half indignant. "And you should not endorse his aspersions of Everard."

"My dear, I—I— By George, I do not say

a word against Redmond—finest fellow I know."

"Mr. Olyfaunt's conduct is not kind, nor even gentlemanly, papa," resumed Clarice, her fear and anger getting the better of her prudence. "Perhaps he does not wish Everard to be found—perhaps he knows—oh, my God!—perhaps he knows that Everard is dead!"

The girl covered her face in her lace-bordered handkerchief, and sobbed hysterically.

"Be calm and reasonable, Clarice," began Mrs. Villiers.

"Pardon me, madame," interposed Basil, with some dignity. "I can make every excuse for Miss Villiers's grief. But her indignation is scarcely just to me. Especially as I have been in the saddle myself since four o'clock this morning on the very errand which she has hinted at. I and the groom have summoned at least a hundred of the men hereabouts to be at the Manor this forenoon to start on an exhaustive search."

Clarice raised her flushed face and tear-wet eyes, and attempted to stammer out her thanks. Had she in truth wronged Basil Olyfaunt? she asked herself, quickly. But under his calm expression she seemed to read a suppressed exultation, and all her doubts and fears returned.

The usual morning arrival of the letters created a diversion. There were many for Mr. Villiers, and one for Basil. A large blue envelope, similar to the one which he had received on the previous day. One closely resembling it was amongst the packet for Mr. Villiers.

He had read two or three before he came to this, Basil having also meanwhile perused his and placed it in his pocket. Mr. Villiers regarded the exterior of his blue enveloped letter in the manner not uncommon to a person who takes up a communication the superscription of which is in a handwriting unknown to him. Then he broke it open, and began to read slowly.

When he had reached the foot of the first page he gave vent to his favourite expletive with unusual force and emphasis.

"By George!"

He had hardly begun the second page before, in a still more emphatic tone, he cried:

"Good heavens!"

He read on to the end, his hand shaking nervously, and fluttering the broad sheet to and fro. Then he laid it down and stared at Basil Olyfaunt in blank, utter amazement.

"Basil," he said at last, "Basil—no!—Mr. Olyfaunt—no—no! My ler—"

"Do not use the term, Mr. Villiers," said Basil, deprecatingly.

"But, Basil—my—no, no! Is it true?"

"Undoubtedly."

"May I read this letter aloud? Of course there can be no reason that Mrs. Villiers and my daughter should not join in my own rejoicing. Wonderful—most extraordinary."

"I have no secrets from you, sir," responded the secretary, "nor," and he bowed, "from the ladies of your family."

Mr. Villiers turned back to the first page of the letter, and began.

"CHARLES VILLIERS, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,—

"As the legal and confidential advisers of the Marquis of Calderfield we feel it to be our duty to give you the earliest information regarding a matter in which you will unquestionably feel some degree of interest.

"We may safely take it for granted that you are not unaware of the peculiar facts connected with the later history of the Marquisate of Calderfield, which will not improbably figure in some future edition of the 'Romance of the Peerage.' Let, however, they may have escaped your memory, will you permit us briefly to advert to them?

"It is very little less than twenty years ago since, under very peculiar circumstances, the infant son of the present marquis was lost—'stolen' may be the term that the world would use, but we prefer the safer word, 'As an only

child and the heir to vast estates, we need not say that everything that could be done to discover the infant's fate was done. All was in vain. No trace of him could be found. Most people, our firm included, believed him to be dead, in which case, or in the event of his non-discovery, the estates of the marquisate would devolve upon a distant cousin. The Marquis of Calderfield, however, could never bring himself to believe that his son was dead, and we had a kind of perpetual retainer to pursue any investigations practicable as time went on. We endeavoured to fulfil his lordship's wishes, although hopeless of any result, and during the twenty years which have elapsed our efforts have been fruitless.

"By an extraordinary chance, however, we recently came into possession of a clue which seemed to intimate that the marquis's son still lived. We eagerly followed it up, with the gratifying result of discovering and satisfactorily identifying him, and we think that you will share in our satisfaction when we tell you that the gentleman who has filled for some considerable period the post of your confidential secretary, under the name of Basil Olyfaunt—which he had every reason to believe was his own—is really Montagu Pleydell, Lord Boscawen, only son and heir of the Marquis of Calderfield.

"We are convinced that, under the circumstances, we may rely upon you to courteously read any agreement which may exist between Lord Boscawen and yourself at as early a date as practicable and convenient, so as to enable him to prepare for occupying the position to which he is entitled. We have not yet been able to advise the Marquis of Calderfield of the discovery of his son, in consequence of our ignorance of the exact whereabouts of the former nobleman. He is travelling in Syria, and we have wired the good news to agents at several Oriental ports, on the chance of its reaching him. In any event his early return may be looked for. With Lord Boscawen himself we have recently put ourselves into communication, impressing upon him, however, the inadvisability of giving any publicity to the matter until we had obtained full confirmation, and enjoining secrecy upon him even as regards yourself.

"Mr. Bertram Pleydell, cousin to Lord Boscawen, and late presumptive heir to the Marquisate of Calderfield, who has naturally taken a deep interest in our investigations, has expressed his intention of going to Tremawr Manor to see and congratulate his relative. We are convinced that we have no need to commend that gentleman to your courteous hospitality.

"We remain, dear sir, your obedient, humble servants,

"SULWAY, BARNES AND CO.,

"Verulam Buildings, Grays Inn."

For a few seconds after the reading of this communication was concluded a deep silence ensued. Then Mr. Villiers rose, and extending his hand to the secretary, said, with emotion:

"Basil—my lord, permit me to offer you my heartfelt congratulations on your good fortune. By George! I do not know a man to whom I could rather have desired it to come!"

The young man grasped the offered palm heartily, and stammered out his thanks. Mrs. Villiers hastened to endorse her husband's words with equal empressment. For Clarice, she, too, strove to speak—to join in her parents' gratulation.

But she could only command broken and incoherent words. To her already troubled soul this startling revelation brought fresh cause for perturbation. Engrossed as was her mind by thoughts of Lord Redmond's possible danger, there was still room to entertain a new fear, undefined perhaps, but not the less powerful.

Basil had shot one quick glance at her when Mr. Villiers reached that passage of the solicitor's letter which revealed the young man's changed fortunes. That keen look marked the deeper pallor on the girl's face, the

nervous compression of her quivering lips. It told him much of what was passing in Clarice's brain, but told him, too, that not yet at least did her heart hold any sympathy for him.

"Ah! I can wait," he said, inwardly. "As the old Italian proverb say, 'All things come round to him who can but wait.'"

"I have but one cause for regret, my lord," said Mr. Villiers, "and that a personal and selfish one. I am sorry I must lose, especially at a juncture like the present, the aid of such talents as yours, sorry, too, that I must lose the company of one whom I have always looked upon as—and I trust treated as—a friend."

There was a tone of honest emotion in the speech, which stamped the words with a genuineness which perhaps some of Mr. Villiers's compliments could lay no claim to.

"You have indeed made my life a very happy one since I have been in your service," rejoined Basil, whom for the future we must call Lord Boscawen. "How happy, I hardly dare to tell myself," and he shot a swift meaning glance at Clarice's downcast face. "But, dear Mr. Villiers, there is one thing upon which you must kindly excuse my insistence. That is that you permit me to remain in my present position until I see you fairly a member of that legislature which you will so much adorn and honour."

Mr. Villiers could not conceal his gratification at the adroit piece of flattery, but hastened nevertheless to asseverate that he could not presume to take advantage of the young nobleman's offer. It was not to be thought of, that the heir of the Marquis of Calderfield should continue to fill the humble rôle of secretary and electioneering agent.

But Lord Boscawen was resolute. The high regard which Mr. Villiers felt for the young man seconded his appeals, and at length it was tacitly agreed that he should for the present at least be permitted to render what assistance he desired to the master of Tremawr Manor.

"And when you leave us, my dear Boscawen," said Mr. Villiers, after this matter had been arranged, "I trust the friendship which has existed between us will still continue, and that we shall sometimes see you."

"Do not doubt it," responded the young man, with energy. "I said but now that the happiest days of my life have been passed in your family. My fondest hope is to pass in the same charming circle hours still happier, if that be possible."

Another eye-shot, full of hidden meaning, at Clarice. This time it met her own sad-troubled gaze, and the intense crimson glow which replaced her pallor, told how well she interpreted his meaning.

It was not Lord Boscawen's cue to push his advantage too far. Glancing across over the lawn he observed to Mr. Villiers.

"I see our auxiliaries have arrived. Let us take the field and search for Lord Redmond strategically, so that no part of the locality be missed. Whether we succeed or no—and I fervently trust we may—I hope Miss Villiers will do me the justice to say that my efforts have been neither slack nor faint-hearted."

He bowed deeply to Clarice, and quitted the room.

CHAPTER XII.

A REVELATION.

I ha'd him with the hate of hell,
But I loved his beauty passing well.

THEMISTON.

THE gloomy living-room of the Folly, with its strange mingling of faded splendour and present misery, had never before seemed so gloomy as it did to Aricia as she descended from her chamber after a night of restless vigil.

The girl had no appetite for the rude morning meal, nor energy to cook her solitary share thereof. She sat in a listless reverie, while her mother prepared and partook of her own repast, speaking meanwhile no word to Aricia, but at intervals surveying the girl with her

keen grey eyes as if she would penetrate her very soul.

Upon Aricia's mind the omens of the past night weighed heavily. What she feared she knew not, but her fear was not the less real for all that. The girl felt that if she could but see Everard and be assured of his safety, she could be content.

It had been arranged between the lovers that Lord Redmond would be at the spinney each day at a certain hour if it were possible. Aricia had no means of knowing the passage of time but by the progress of the shadow over the old sundial in the garden, for no clock was permitted to perform its office in the Folly.

But in the bright summer weather which then shone on the ripening fields this aid sufficed the girl. How to escape from the house and gain the little grove at the appointed time was the difficulty, and one which Aricia did not see her way to overcome.

Still, love and fear combined to give her courage and resolve. She would try what a bold front could effect. When the woman had concluded her meal, she prepared to leave the room and seek the secrecy of the laboratory, where much of her time was passed.

"Mother!" cried Aricia, so suddenly and sharply that Mrs. Dornton arrested her steps in some surprise.

"What do you want?"

"I am very tired of this captivity. May I not go out?"

"No!"

"Why not? What have I done?"

"You ask, 'Why not?' I tell you, because it is my will. As for what you have done, I reply, that it is not so much what you have done as that which you may by possibility do, or rather suffer, which I fear and guard against."

"I do not understand you, mother."

"It is not likely that you can do so. Poor wretch, what do you know of the world and its dangers?"

"But I want to know something of it, mother!" said the girl, earnestly. "Why should I not? You have done so?"

"Yes, and found it false and hollow, full of falsehoods and shams! I have told you before that you shall never repeat my experience!"

"Do you mean that we shall always remain thus?"

"Assuredly! What else do you suppose we should be?"

A vision of herself arrayed in the spoils of the wardrobe in the locked room arose before Aricia's mind.

"We should be like unto others. This place," and the girl looked round almost with a shudder, "did not resemble this when we first came hither. Nor were you and I thus clad. Child as I was I can at least remember that. Let us resume that olden life. Let us go abroad amongst others. I thought once we lived thus because we were poor. Now I know that it is not so!"

"You know that, do you say?"

"Yes."

"How did you gain that knowledge. Where did you learn what wealth or poverty means?"

Aricia was silent.

She did not dare to name her tutor. Indeed, in their converse she and Lord Redmond had spoken little of such things. But Aricia had asked her lover many questions of his own world and, with the aptness which affection gives, had found a deeper meaning in his words than their bare tenor conveyed. The facts relative to the ways of the world which Aricia had learned from Lord Redmond threw fresh light on the things she had discovered from her books and opened up before her a vista of bright dreams.

At her daughter's silence Mrs. Dornton's brow grew darker.

"You do not answer! Dare you disobey me? Again I ask, how learned you this?"

Silent still.

"Have you seen again that man in whose company I found you? Speak truthfully."

The girl raised her dark liquid eyes in a mute appeal as she faltered:

"Yes."

The cloud on her mother's brow deepened.

"More than once?"

"Yes!"

The woman threw a tigress glance at her child, but restrained outward expression of passion by an effort.

"Why did you break your promise to me and become a liar? Why did you meet him again?"

"I do not know."

Nothing was left but that artless confession for Aricia. She had no power to put into cold matter-of-fact words the glamour which had of late thrown its magic light over her existence.

Mrs. Dornton viewed the girl sombrely, her eyes flashing with a lurid fire.

"What passed between you?"

Aricia did not reply.

"You talked together? He clasped your hand? His arm pressed your waist. You, the wretched ill-clad outcast, but a woman still, well-favoured of face and instinct with youth and life. I know it, I feel it. It is always so. By our womanhood he and such as he slay us more really than if with club or knife they destroyed the mere fleshy tabernacle of life."

The girl looked at the woman's infuriated countenance with more of wonder than of fear.

"He would not harm me," she breathed.

"Poor fool! So think you, who know nought of the dangers of that world to which you would resort, but who are already tainted with it nevertheless. You have the evil blood of your sire, Aricia. Let me condescend to give you warning. It ought to be enough that I command you only, but I will waive my right and show you the danger."

"Many years have passed since I was young and fair as you. I too met one of the evil race of man, black of heart but handsome of face. I believed his glowing words, I found my heaven of happiness in his arms. He was thy father! And he was false as the spirit of evil."

Aricia recoiled before the woman's blazing eyes and impassioned denunciation, and threw up her hands with a little cry:

"My father! Does he live?"

"What matters that to you, girl? Live! no! he is dead to me—dead to you! But he lives too—lives in you, for you also are false and fair, even as he was!"

"To resume. I have never spoken to you before as I speak to-day. I would not do so now were it not that my words may constrain the obedience which you appear loth to render. When I found that I had his fair words, but not his truth—his kisses, but no heart's love behind them, then those words sounded in my ears like a raven's croak of evil—those kisses scorched my lips and brow like a devouring flame. Women there have been, and are, who are content with half a man's heart, and can endure to receive the carresses shared by another. Such was not I. While I could reign a queen, it was well with me. But when I lost my pride of place, what was the world to me?"

Some shade of softening influence swept across the fierce eyes, and some relaxation came to the tense muscles of the thin lips.

"I am wrong! Yes, I had you to care for, Aricia. I have never uttered the weak avowal before; I will not do so again; but I loved you, child. So, to save you, I have hidden you here, and hidden here shall you remain. It may be that I had another purpose. If so, that concerns you not. Enough, I hide myself here because I will save you from the world!"

"And you shall be saved from it. I have been good to you! I have given you freedom, relying upon that promise which you have lightly violated. I must withdraw that liberty for both our sakes. Yet it would be impossible to cage you for ever in your own chamber. You shall, therefore, have certain boundaries of our garden and orchard free to you; but you shall

have a gaoler, on whom I think I may rely if gratitude may be found in an outcast's breast. Lambourne shall have my orders not to permit you to go out of his sight."

Aricia made a gesture of repugnance.

"Foolish girl, it is for your own good. You do not know your danger. You do not realise how the kisses and embraces which you would fly to might end—and you so young, so ignorant, so unsuspecting! By all the fiends, if I thought you stood in any such peril I would strangle you with my own proper hands."

Mrs. Dornton's lurid eyes looked into Aricia's startled orbs; her skinny fingers wavered before the girl's white column-like neck. What she had said she looked fully capable of making good by deed.

"One word more. You have asked if I am rich. You would know whether the life we lead is to continue for ever. I will answer each in part. It may be that I am wealthy as the world counts wealth even now, and shall possess in the future treasures of which the world cannot even dream. It may be too that this life we now lead shall terminate suddenly, and an earthly splendour above any conception of yours shall follow it. Ask no more questions, but be humble and faithful. Ay," she muttered, lapsing into a weird abstraction, and the gleam of her eyes fading into a stony and vacant glare, "success will come at last. By patience and watching and mortification of the flesh, it must be earned. In loneliness of soul I live, and must live evermore. I shall hold the cup of life before his parched lips, white with the herald of death, but those lips will never taste of it. I shall draw over this girl's glazing eyes the nerveless eyelids. During the centuries of earth and the ages of eternity I shall suffer or enjoy in the strength of my solitariness of soul—for ever and for ever more!"

Aricia gazed at the woman with wondering fear. At the reference to her own death she turned suddenly and crept noiselessly from the room. When, however, the girl had escaped from her mother's presence her courage returned, and with it comes back her anxiety on Everard's account. She determined that when the appointed hour had come she would endeavour to keep the appointment, let the risk be what it might. In fact, Mrs. Dornton's words had only tended to strengthen the girl's resolve. From their import Aricia gathered that it was assuredly not poverty which necessitated their seclusion, and from the fact she drew comfort. But if she hoped to escape from the precincts of the Folly, she was terribly mistaken. Wherever the girl went about the neglected grounds, Lambourne—or "Til," as Aricia usually called him from an elvish character of whom she had read in an old German legend—followed her like her shadow.

Alternately Aricia cajoled and scolded the dwarf, but both were equally without avail. Silently and doggedly, Lambourne kept his watch over her. She noticed, with some alarm, that there was a look upon his stolid, scarcely human physiognomy which it had never worn before, and once, when she attempted to pass beyond the bounds in defiance of him, Lambourne placed his misshapen paws rudely upon her bosom and neck, and forced her back again.

The girl recoiled with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks at the indignity. The dwarf had never ventured upon the like before. But to her angry words Lambourne opposed his grinning, mask-like face, and made no reply.

At a second attempt, later in the morning, the rude handling of the dwarf was even more marked. He actually lifted the girl's slight figure from the ground, and bearing her to a distance from the gate, held her for some moments, despite her passionate struggling, in his long, brawny arms. Hot tears of shame and anger filled the girl's eyes as she at last made her escape.

"You were told perhaps to watch me!" she cried, indignantly; "but not to treat me thus. My mother shall hear of this insult!"

This time Lambourne condescended to reply.

"Taint of no manner of use, Miss 'Ricia. I'm

to take care o' ye, an' I'll do it. Young women want lookin' arter, madame knows, and I knew too!"

"Keep your hands off me, at least. My mother would not permit that."

"I'd tell her 'twasn't true. Madame would believe me, but not you, Miss 'Ricia. Can't trust you any more. As for huggin' ye a bit you could put up with the huggin' if I was one of the tall, baby-faced boys, with their smart clothes and smooth words."

"What does he guess?" Aricia asked herself with a fear that swallowed up her indignation.

The girl passed the rest of the day until shut of eve in the garden wilderness on the seat where she and Lord Redmond had sat together. Sometimes her mood was one of busy thought, sometimes of quiet tears. Always was she listening. She knew not for what. Perhaps for the hoof beats of her lover's horse in the adjacent road, perhaps for the ominous wail which she had seemed to hear over-night.

She heard neither sound during the sunlight, nor even when the twilight shadows closed around the crimson glory of the west. But when darkness night had fully come and Aricia sat once more in the gable garret, again the distant cry struck on her ears, and again it seemed to be a known and beloved voice.

Was it some weird reproach to her that she had not kept her word? Aricia asked. And, with a resolution strong as an oath, the girl determined that on the next day, come what might, she would do so.

Weary and worn, the searchers returned to Tremawr Manor, all unsuccessful. It was a moment of bitterest agony to Clarice when the last party, which included Lord Boscawen and her father, made their appearance.

The young nobleman said little save expressing his regret at the failure, and carefully avoided any innuendoes relative to Lord Redmond, but it was tolerably clear that he had not been so reticent during the exploration, for he had clearly made a convert of Mr. Villiers to his views of the morning, as that gentleman confidently proclaimed his assurance of Everard's safety and his disgust at the loss of time occasioned by what Mr. Villiers termed a foolish freak.

One thing appeared to be definitely settled, and that was that Lord Redmond, living or dead, was nowhere within a score of miles of the Manor.

With this conclusion Clarice was forced to be content. Mr. Villiers peremptorily negatived any suggestions of further inquiry. The local constabulary, he said, were on the alert, and the morrow was the day of the election. Both himself and Lord Boscawen would be at the town of Tremawr, after they had welcomed Mr. Bertram Pleydell, who was expected by first train in the morning. The ladies of the family must also be present in the borough to grace the anticipated triumph of Mr. Villiers.

But Clarice retired for the night fully resolved that she would be otherwise occupied than in driving through a shouting excited mob of the freemen of Tremawr. At one place only the searchers had halted, then passed it by without inquiry or summons. To that quarter Clarice's fears and hopes alike pointed, and thither would she go, alone and at any peril.

Thus to both the women, so dissimilar in character and position, but whose life-paths had thus strangely crossed each other, the same object presented itself. The delicate, luxuriously-reared patrician and untaught child of the recluse of Cloudeley Folly each held in her heart the same hope, the same fears, the same love. The same, yet how different!

The feelings of Clarice Villiers were clear and well-defined as the facets of a diamond, perhaps like that gem a little hard and cold, notwithstanding its brilliance and beauty.

Those of Aricia Dornton were dreamlike in their unformed hope of happiness, indistinct as the cloudland of aureate crimson, which builds up for a fleeting instant its glorious pavilions

around the setting sun, which next moment change their form and being, and "leave not a wrack behind."

The future Clarice hoped for, should bring her a husband whom she would love, a step higher in the social scale when the title of Marchioness of Malverres should be hers, a life happy, pleasant, and honoured.

Of these things Aricia knew nothing—nor would have taken heed had she known. Her every thought of the future centred in one sole absorbing desire—to be with Everard always and for ever—to see his face and hear his voice, and by that seeing and that hearing realise her paradise.

(To be Continued.)

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Why hang your head, old friend of mine,
With careworn look and mien;
If bruised and sore with hope defer'd
And bent with care and pain,
Stride on, fear not, nor be deter'd—
The sun will shine again.

Hold up your head, old friend of mine,
And meet the world's stern gaze;
Heed not its shallow jeers and frowns,
Its hollow voice and ways,
But boldly face it, good or bad,
And drive away the haze.

Of poverty with manly heart
And spirit good and true
The tree of hope shall once more bear
Its choicest fruit for you,
And once again the stars will shine,
The heavens smile with blue.

There's flowers still, old friend, for you;
The earth again shall yield
A plenteous store of friendship true
From you its frowns to shield,
And your spirit bruised and bent and sore,
Old friend, with love be healed.

O. P.

COULD NOT TAKE CARE OF IT.

A young man wanted a new name. He had a very good reason for wanting one. His father's name was Croutwater. It was not what is called a handsome name; but that was not the chief objection to it. "Handsome is that handsome does," is an old adage; and the father's conduct had been very unhandsome: he was a horse-thief. So the young man took the name of Walters; but to little purpose: for in a short time he took up his father's occupation and went to stealing horses also. The only difference now remaining between Croutwater and Walters is that one has served out his term in the Penitentiary while the other has his yet to serve.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

A MANIFEST indication of the effects of prolonged depression in the iron trade, remarks "Iron," is the number of mansions to be let or sold in the vicinity of our northern towns, whilom the luxurious and hospitable residences of iron peers and potentates. Around one well-known centre of mining and iron manufacturing industry, at least seven or eight of such desolate dwellings may be passed in the course of a short drive. None of them, however, exceed in Sybaritic luxury Gunnergate Hall, which, with its contents, are about to be brought to the hammer. Its late proprietor, John Vaughan (of the famous firm of Bolckow, Vaughan, and Co.), died in 1868, leaving Gunnergate Hall and

half a million to his son. Eight years afterwards Thomas Vaughan was a bankrupt. The billiard-room of Gunnergate Hall is said to have cost from £30,000 to £40,000. In the smoking room the spittoons cost £20 each. In some of the rooms the leather covering of the seats cost £18 per yard. A single fire-place cost £2,000, and the owner's bedstead cost £1,500. After this, who would care to speak of the Champagne Collier?

A WIFE'S BRAVERY.

THOUSANDS of women live lives that are simply organised falsehoods; yet none can blame them for it; they are the creatures of circumstances. Who does not know the lady wedded to the man whom, in her fonder moments, she vainly imagined was her choice? Possession is the grave of illusion; and the lover that was all that was noble and chivalrous stands revealed as the mean-spirited, commonplace, and generally contemptible husband. Before the treacle-moon is over, the bride sees the bridegroom of her heart in his true colours, an empty-headed, prententious, dull impostor. Yet this was years ago; and so far as the world is allowed to know anything of the matter, the middle-aged father of her children is to the matron all that the youthful lover was. The casual spectator sees in the gentleman what, as a matter of fact, the wife sees in him too. Nevertheless, the casual spectator is given to understand that he is the sovereign lord of her bosom, gifted with all the attributes which make humanity great and good. She is loyal to him, in word, at least; she quotes his opinions and repeats his jokes; yet all the time she knows just what he is.

But it is clearly the duty of the wife to love, honour, and obey her husband. This she can only do in the manner already described. Of course, this process reacts upon her moral character. Gradually she becomes absolutely incapable of rigid adherence to truth in many matters in which truth is really of some importance. Yet she owes it to this very fact of being a persistent liar that she is a faithful and devoted wife. Who shall condemn her? Domestic happiness depends, in many instances, upon the degree with which the husband or wife, or both, agree to look at things through a false medium, and to throw over facts and character an unreal glamour. To stimulate love where no love is; to make a pretence of passionless immobility where there still slumbers beneath the surface fires of volcanic vehemence; to recognise the heroic in the mean, and to discover the gifted genius in the flashy dullard—this is often an essential part of the schooling of married life.

PERILS OF PAPER COLLARS.—A correspondent of the "Lancet" writes to that journal:—"My attention having been drawn to the neck of a patient of mine, I ordered an analysis of his paper collar, which was found to contain a quantity of arsenic."

DISCOVERY OF A COMET.—The following has been issued by the Astronomer Royal:—"Lewis Swift, of Rochester, New York, announces the discovery of a bright comet with a short tail on June 16th. The motion was detected on June 20th, at one a.m., when the position was R.A. 2 hours 30 min., declination 58 deg. north, with a daily motion of a little over 1 deg. north."

STEAM tramways are at length to be tried in London; at any rate, a company is being formed with a capital of 10,000 shares of £10 each. It is shown in a circular sent out that tramway property is now, generally speaking, at more than fifty per cent. premium, and that it is paying everywhere huge dividends, and it is sought to show that when steam is introduced it will pay ever so much better. The operations of the company are not to be confined to London only, but are to spread all over the country, for which special concessions are already obtained.



THE MYSTERY OF HIS LOVE;

OR,

WHO MARRIED THEM?

By the Author of "Christine's Revenge; or,
O'Hara's Wife."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PICTURE.

And she turned, her bosom shaken
With a sudden storm of sighs,
All the love within her glowing
In the dark of hazel eyes.

MARTIN VAUGHAN had never realised his ideal. His was a dreamy, imaginative temperament; several times he had fancied himself in love "full forty fathoms deep," but a few days, or weeks at the furthest, had been the extreme limits of his state of thralldom.

Something or other had caused his idol of the hour, his goddess of the day, to fall from her pedestal; and he began almost to think that he was incapable of any deep, enduring affection such as he read of in love poems, and now and again saw manifested in real life.

He was mistaken. It was only because the women whom the caprice of chance had thrown in his way were vain, inane, or selfishly ambitious. He may have passed by some true and tender souls clothed in plain, unlovely exterior forms perhaps, but the chief of those pretty women whom his eyes admired, his heart had failed on close acquaintance to appreciate.

His passions were deep and strong, but they had never been fully aroused. Meanwhile he possessed a lofty intellect, a will of giant

[ALTERED CIRCUMSTANCES.]

strength which enabled him to control his feelings whenever they threatened to lead him into error, and he had been in love, after a fashion, with Nanette, now a popular actress, the talk of London for her whims, her extravagances, and her beauty.

But when he found that Nanette's heart was chiefly set on diamonds and Dresden, he left her to those who could and would supply her craving for those luxuries; and for eighteen months he had been wandering over Europe studying anew in the great galleries the same masterpieces which had excited his admiration and awe in his boyhood when he had travelled over the Continent with his then patron, Holdsworth.

The name of Vaughan stood high now in the numerous art catalogues of the day. He had already achieved excellence; had "made his fortune," as the world understands that phrase, and could view life calmly as from a standpoint of success, looking down into the valleys where the old had descended, after doing their day's work, and watching the toilsome ascent of the young, the aspirants after that fame and fortune which he himself had gained.

All this Vaughan could do, but his was, after all, an anxious, eager, ardent temperament. He felt immensely for those who toiled, suffered, and strove, as once he had toiled, suffered, and striven. He was known among artists as the most good-natured, generous fellow under the sun.

He frequented various art studios—always a welcome guest, because he was always ready with the best advice for those who would take it. He was boarding in a certain hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, not one of the most luxurious or splendid in Paris, and this not because he was not rich enough to pay for luxury or splendour, but because he liked to find himself among people whom he could benefit and help, and he liked to study life among the middle classes as a change after the fashionable acquaintances he was compelled to cultivate in London.

Now he had seen the young girl for the second time whom he had met more than two years ago

in Bond Street, in London, when she had sold violets and worn rags.

Lilias had made an immense impression on him at the time, child as she was. He was struck with the subdued fire and melancholy tenderness in her great dark eyes. He had known that in a year or two the girl would, with proper care, develop into a marvellous beauty. He also felt convinced that she possessed besides, beauty of soul, and a mind capable of the highest culture; and he had meant to call on her the next day, and to provide for her comfort and education.

This had been his deliberate intention, and then he had been called to the sick bed of his uncle, in Scotland, and after that he had lost sight of Lilias until this day. Martin Vaughan had not, it will be remembered, given his address to Lilias, though she had heard his name mentioned and had not forgotten it.

He took her address with him to Scotland, but by a very miserable mistake (like all artistic persons, he was rather unbusiness-like) he left it on the table in a coffee-room, and do what he would, he could not remember it. He had thought so much of the girl that such very commonplace details as her name and address slipped his memory.

He had been thinking of her as a St. Cecilia amid golden purple, crimson, and amber sunset clouds, with a seraphic countenance turned towards the highest heavens, or as a sister of mercy bending with angelic face over the pillow of some dying soldier, or as a beautiful maiden wrapt in some poetic reverie, dreaming some ecstatic dream in the green heart of some summer wood, with the foliage of elm, and beech, and silver birch surrounding her with purple fox-glove, and fairy lady fern embroidering the turf at her feet, and she, clothed in white, with one red rose at her breast, and her dark hair wound like a crown about her head. "Ah! what a picture!"

And then this dreamer had sighed and resolved to write to her. Gone to seek for her address, and discovered that he had lost it! All

that Vaughan could recollect was that the beautiful girl lived somewhere in the unpicturesque purlieus of Soho. On his return to London he went searching in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, with no result at first, but at last somebody guided him to the residence of the successor of Mrs. Finch. There he learned a sad, strange tale of the disappearance of the pretty flower-seller, and of the virtuous manner in which the late landlady had sent the "whole lot packing."

Nobody could or would tell him anything of Lilius. Soon afterwards, going over to see his friend Holdsworth, who had a handsome house near Cavendish Square, he entered his studio in a hurry, and stood agast before the picture which looked at him from the easel.

It was the young flower-seller of Bond Street, not clothed in white, and with a blood-red rose at her breast, dreaming amid the flowers and ferns of a summer wood; not an lovely-sainted Madonna by the bedside of the sick; not as a dream-angel amid the sunset clouds.

No, it was the lovely young flower-seller of Bond Street exactly as he had first seen her, clothed in what the Earl of Penrythan had styled "unspeakable" rags, in pitiful shawl, rusty black dress, and dainty feet slipping out of terribly-worn shoes, the flower-seller, with face pleading for help for those she loved, holding in her small hands bunches of rich-hued violets and pure white snowdrops.

The rest of the picture, which was to represent a handsome lady of the Nanette type gorgeously attired, and a London crowd round the entrance doors of a theatre, was not at this time sketched in.

"Why, Holdsworth, where did you meet that sweet face? What a glorious idea to make her as she is, in those rags, with all the pathos and sweetness of her face surrounded by the darkness of sorrow and sorrow's type, rags, and her beauty gleams there like the moon through torn, tempestuous clouds. Where is she? Tell me, for heaven's love!"

"Don't go mad," Holdsworth had answered, with provoking calmness. "I don't know where she is, and I never expect to find her again. She may be gone to the dogs."

"Never!" Vaughan broke out, passionately. "Or she may have been kidnapped away, murdered and thrown into the Thames. We have done all we could to find her, the Earl of Penrythan and I, and her reputed father, John Martin; but up to last night not a word could be learnt of her."

"And you are as cool as a—"

"As a cucumber," said the older artist, quietly; "and, my good fellow, if you will show me that by dint of any raving and tearing I can discover any clue to Lilius, I will thank you, and I will tear my hair out by handfuls, and rave till the neighbours send off to the nearest asylum and ask for two strong helpers and a straight waistcoat to make me quiet."

"You are a disagreeable wretch!" said Vaughan, throwing himself into an arm-chair, and taking off his hat. "Tell me, there's a dear fellow, all you know."

So the two painters compared notes. At this time John Martin and little Charlie were living under the care of the generous Holdsworth; but poor Lilius was still in captivity at St. Mary's. About three weeks after, Lilius, with her adopted sister and Madame Donnetta, appeared at the lodgings of the sailor, and a home was provided for all the Martins by the bounty of Edith.

As we have recorded elsewhere, Edith wrote a letter to Mr. Holdsworth, the painter, and told him that in Lilius she had discovered the child of a friend, whom it was her intention to adopt, and to take abroad for her education. She thanked the great painter for his kindness to the desolate child, and she added:

"I hope some day to introduce you again to Lilius when she is healthier and happier and more cultivated. She always retains a grateful remembrance of you."

"Yours, most truly,

"DONNETTA."

And not one word of thanks or of gratitude to Lord Penrythan.

More than two years had passed, and Vaughan had almost forgotten the beautiful, mysterious flower-seller when she passed down the street in company with the most singular old lady, she herself dressed in the height of the Paris fashion, while all the art students were raving of her beauty.

It appeared that she was the adopted, some said the real, child of the singer, Donnetta, than whom there was not a lovelier, a more reserved, a more charitable woman, but the "little adopted one," so the students called her, was kept close, was guarded like the apple of her mother's eye, was never allowed to walk alone, was doubtless designed as the bride of some rich man or—since the Donnetta was already rich—well, she might marry her to some man in high official circles, some member of La République, who would speedily rise to eminence, and the little adopted one would be the wife of a President or a Minister of the Interior.

Strange that the light words of his careless comrades should fill Martin Vaughan with the wildest jealousy. He made some excuse about an appointment, and hastened into the street.

"Madness to follow when I do not even know where she is gone. No, I will go into the Tuilleries Gardens and sit under the trees, and think a little. Why should that girl haunt me so? I am sure something will come of this. Yes, something strange, fragrant, perhaps. I know that men have before now set their whole souls on one woman, that the loss of her has been the spoiling of their lives—sometimes the ruin of their souls. What a mad idiot must I be to think of throwing myself in the way of this girl who, no doubt, has learnt ambition, and has become a disciple of the world by now. A painter. Pshaw! the singing woman would spurn anything less than a French president or an English noble. Her child—yes, she must be. I have seen Donnetta, and the girl Lilius inherits her eyes. Who is the father? I remember hearing that Donnetta had been deceived by a false marriage with an English noble, and whose name was mixed up with it?—Penrythan's. Good heavens if it turn out so! And yes, there is a certain likeness that I can trace. I heard some wild tale about her meaning to establish her claim to be Penrythan's countess, but I paid no heed. I had no especial interest. I did not believe that she would adopt Lilius for long. I thought it was only a caprice."

"Ah! stop one moment, mademoiselle, let us rest."

The sweet, frank voice spoke English. In another moment there came two ladies and stood before the seat whereon sat Martin Vaughan. He had no eyes for the little fantastically dressed lady, Mademoiselle Patini, for she it was who under cover of a large pink and white satin parasol turned up her eyebrows, tossed back her head, and gave to it a toss of superlative disdain.

It was the custom of this little old woman to assume that all men should be treated like cures, and the handsomer and more distinguished looking a man was, the more inclined she was to treat him with contempt.

Even when carelessly attired—and he was never scrupulous as to fashionable details—no true artist ever is—Vaughan was a singularly distinguished-looking man. He was tall and stalwart, yet slender and graceful. He was delicately fair, and his features were of perfect regularity, but he possessed a firm mouth and fearless, almost bold blue eyes. It was the face of a brave man.

But Vaughan saw not the scorn of old mademoiselle under the pink satin parasol. He saw only Lilius—Lilius as he had fondly imagined that she would appear under the hands of care and kindness: Lilius, more beautiful than a midsummer night's dream.

What glorious dark eyes; what red lips; what rich brunette tinting on cheek and brow. She was attired with exquisite taste in a costume of soft grey silk. She wore a bouquet of crimson and cream-coloured roses in her waist-belt.

She was as tall, as erect, as finely developed as some young huntress of the classic days, but there was not a gleam of pride in the magnificent dark eyes. Another moment and those eyes had recognised him. The colour flooded her cheeks; she smiled faintly. Vaughan took off his hat and bowed low to the young beauty, and with a glance at mademoiselle and a woman's ready tact, Lilius was the first to speak.

"It is a long time since I have seen you, Mr. Vaughan. I see you have not forgotten me, and yet I am sure I have grown since—we met."

Every word she uttered sank into his heart and took root—an enchantment such as he had never before experienced seemed to lead his soul captive.

"I could listen to that voice of hers for ever," he said to himself, and he murmured something, he knew not what.

Lilius remembered—ah, how well and distinctly—that day in Bond Street, that bleak, miserable day in the wretched English March, when she had stood shivering, starving with hunger, offering her violets for sale, and, oh, how she was clad! The memory of that pitiful shawl, that terrible little bonnet, and her ragged shoes and rusty skirt awoke upon her even now with a sense of shame and humiliation, but how kind had been the tones of Vaughan's voice; he had saved her from the clutch of the policeman; he had given her money which had fed and comforted her adopted relatives and herself. She had never forgotten his kindness. Nothing could blot it out of the book of her remembrance.

Two years and a half is a long time to look back on at Lilius' age, but during all that time she had not ceased to wonder and regret that Vaughan had not kept his promise, had not called at the miserable lodging over the huckster's shop.

Yet if he had called she might never have been thrown into her mother's way. All things would have been different. She looked up now into Vaughan's face and read there a burning expression which made her drop her eyes.

"I should have known you anywhere," he said; "but if you had not condescended to show me that you recognised me, I should not have dared."

The humility of his manner pained her. She hastened to say:

"Mr. Vaughan, is not the word condescend a little too strong? I have not forgotten, sir, how utterly—utterly miserable I was, nor how kind and good you were to me—a poor little friendless wretch."

"But you are unlike the chief portion of your sex, mademoiselle, if you are willing to remember such an episode."

He hardly knew what he was saying; he was so confused and so delighted and so shamefaced all in one.

"Am I unlike," she said with a smile, "because I am not ashamed of that time? I cannot help it, if I am not ashamed. I wore rags, I was hungry, but in the sight of Heaven and of good people I was not less worthy than I am now, and you were kind and good, and as long as I live I shall be grateful to you—"

"Would to heaven I could have done more!"

And then he told her hurriedly of the sudden call he had had into Scotland to the sick bed of his uncle, and how that he had left her address on a coffee-room table, and could not recollect it. She listened with a half smile.

"I heard of you after that," he went on, "from Holdsworth, who is my friend. I understood a lady had adopted you, that you were the child of her friend?"

A vivid blush dyed her cheeks.

"I call her mother," she murmured, "it is the sweetest name, and she is my good angel."

Vaughan looked down, and almost out of himself he murmured:

"She will be like the angel with the flaming sword who guarded the gates of Eden—that is, she will keep me, a miserable mortal, from seeing you!"

"Ma chère!" cried mademoiselle. Then she

put up her gold eye-glasses and stared severely, almost savagely at Martin Vaughan. "Ma chère!" she said, "who is yonder man? You really must not talk—must not allow people of that sort to talk with you."

"That man," said the artist with a laugh, and again removing his hat, "is Martin Vaughan. I am a painter, madame."

Old mademoiselle was at once mollified. Artists had claims on her sympathies which no other mortals had; she was an artist herself in her way, and a clever one, although she only painted flowers and fruits in water-colours. She was supreme in her own line, and a good judge of the nobler subjects of other painters, thus she sprang at once into a dissertation on some pictures that had appeared that year in London in the English Royal Academy.

Vaughan would have liked to lift up the singular little old dame by the waist, now clasped by a scarlet sash, have spun her round like a teetotum, and have left her to find her way home alone, had not chivalry and kindness forbade the notion. As it was, he was very polite to mademoiselle. The ladies sauntered up and down under the trees.

Vaughan walked between them; he could not speak a word to Lilius because her singular little chaperone, kept him employed talking to her all the while. But before they parted, mademoiselle had given the warmest possible invite to Martin Vaughan to call upon her in the Hotel de la Nation, in the Rue Taibout.

"And I will then introduce you to the most charming woman in the whole world," said mademoiselle. "Madame Donnetta does not receive now. All Paris is away, and we are here only because madame is engaged in—Well, never mind, that is a business matter. Still, if you call any Wednesday between the hours of two and five you will find me and also my friend at home. Come, ma chère."

Vaughan was not allowed to press that hand of Lilius, to clasp which in his own he felt that he would have forfeited a kingdom, for love in its majesty and might had assailed him, and his soul bowed down captive at the feet of this beautiful Lilius, whom he had first met in Bond Street selling flowers and wearing rags.

Lilius had travelled over the greatest part of Europe within the last two years. She had seen all the finest pictures, all the finest churches on the Continent; she had had masters to teach her all accomplishments; she already played sweetly and sang divinely; she had a decided talent for painting; she spoke French fluently; she was, in short, an accomplished young lady, and one of the most beautiful in the world.

Her mother had a fine fortune to bequeath to her, but all these earthly advantages might be, in the estimation of many, cancelled by one fact—the illegitimacy of her birth. And the thought of this weighed on the mind of Edith night and day.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BABY'S ROBE.

Oh, the heart that once truly loves
Never forgets, but as truly loves on to the close,

As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets
The same look which she turned when he rose.

MOTHER and daughter were alone. Mademoiselle had retired. The hour was late. Lilius had been wrapt up heart and soul in the pages of a certain book. Her mother watched her. Edith rested her elbow on the inlaid table that divided her from Lilius. The autumn evening was chilly, and some logs of wood smouldered on the low, polished hearth. Everything in the apartment betokened wealth and elegance.

Edith had surrounded her long-lost child with all that was beautiful and luxurious. She had given her a liberal allowance of pocket-money; she had given to her jewels, books, elegant and costly trifles beyond count. She always made

Lilius feel that she was environed by an atmosphere of love.

"But to-night there is a look of unrest upon her face," said Edith to herself. "Even as she reads her face saddens, and I know that it is not only the pathos of the story that calls that look into her eyes. She feels something herself. Heaven grant that she has not, as the phrase is, 'fallen in love.' She has seen so few."

Between her slender white fingers Edith watched her child. At last Lilius came to the last page of the poem. She shut the book with a little sigh, and laid it on the table, then remained for a couple of moments lost in a reverie. Edith watched her. At last the mother spoke:

"What is on your mind, my child?"

A vivid blush was the quick answer.

"I think I read your thoughts," said Edith, sadly. "You are dwelling on the memory of somebody—wondering what is in his heart, and if he is true and worthy. My child, distrust all men."

But Lilius looked over at her mother with large, glorious, honest eyes, and answered:

"Mother, dear, I am thinking of somebody who was once wonderfully kind to me, and who, I am sure, is worthy. But I have been thinking that generally in this world the desire of our hearts is not given us. And I have been wishing that you and Mr. Vaughan might meet and like each other."

"Mr. Vaughan? Who is Mr. Vaughan?" said Edith, sharply. "Is he the wonderful painter, about whom Patini has been talking all the evening? You have not named him."

"No, mother, not while mademoiselle had such an abundance to say. I have not named him, because I felt too much to talk before Patini."

"Great heavens!" said Edith, clasping her hands, "what I dreaded has happened. You have given your heart—your large, passionate woman's heart—my child, to a man to be trampled on, who knows? I had hoped that you would never love until you were loved; that the precious treasure of your affection would have had to be sought patiently, eagerly, humbly, by some noble and worthy soul who would prize it beyond rubies when gained, and now you cast that precious pearl at his feet. He will trample on it, my child. Such is the way of men; but, oh, hide from him that he has gained your love."

Lilius arose, crossed the hearth-rug, sank down on her knees at her mother's feet, and looked up into her eyes.

"Mother, I do not think this can be love for a man whom I have only seen twice. It must be esteem, gratitude, yes, and some admiration. His is a beautiful face; but I am not so weak as to give him my love unasked, though he spoke and looked as if I were dear to him already."

"Alas! poor child, that is the custom of men. This one may mean nothing. Nay," taking away her hand from before her eyes and looking straight at Lilius, "he may have a wife. You know nothing of him. He is not a youth. He may have a wife and children."

And Edith saw the colour fade from the cheek of Lilius, and her eyes grow dim as with a heavy grief.

"He may, indeed, as you say, have a wife," said Lilius, and then she added, involuntarily: "And how happy she must be."

"Ha! How can you tell?" cried Edith, with a bitter laugh. "She may be the most miserable woman under the sun. Very likely she is. Oh, Lilius, I am grieved. Tell me where you met this man."

Lilius told the tale of the bleak day in Bond Street, and of the cruel Lady Overbury wishing to send her to prison on a false charge, and then of Martin Vaughan coming forward like her better angel and rescuing her, and after that giving her five shillings for her violets, and offering to come and see her on the morrow. She went on to tell of his hasty visit to Scotland, but Edith shook her head at that part of the story.

"Like so many men," she said, "full of false promises. Lilius, there are women—lucky

women, I suppose they must be—whom men never deceive; these are the syrens who win hearts at will, and—break them for their cruel pastime. There are only a few such women in the world. As a rule they are fair-skinned, with ebony hair and large glittering eyes, which flash like diamonds, but have no depths in them. I am not one of these women, you are not one of those women. Those women, Lilius, love themselves, and none others. All they seek for is the homage and adulation of men, and men run mad for the sake of these cold syrens. But, oh, they are the exception, Lilius, those women—they are few and far between. For in general, women have large, warm, loving, sensitive hearts, and every true woman offers up this heart of hers a sacrifice to some man. In general that man tramples on the precious offering, and she who has loved in vain flees like the stricken deer into solitude. There she hides her wounded heart and weeps bitterest tears. After a while she comes out and mingles with the world. She smiles and still hides the wound, but the barbed arrow rankles. Oh! my child, may the Lord in his mercy spare you from such a fate!"

Lilius threw her arms round her mother.

"Dearest mother, I shall be spared that pain. I will not love until I am loved again. But tell me, have you heard anything more of him—my father?"

She spoke the words low. She was thinking of the Earl of Penrythan.

"I have heard—something," Edith answered, "but, oh, time moves slowly; the minutes drag away like hours, the hours like days, the days like months, the months like years. I know not how I keep calm before the world. Oh, my child, you know not the strange, strange secret which is racking your mother's soul. Sometimes I say to myself all will one day be clear to the world as the noonday; the world shall acknowledge me Countess of Penrythan, and my child as the Lady Lilius. We must wait."

"But how can it be?" said Lilius. "I know that you are, darling mother, the real Countess of Penrythan, but you have no proofs!"

"No proofs?" she answered, wringing her hands in a kind of despair—"no proofs that the world will accept yet awhile, but they are collecting them, Lilius—a few friends whom I can trust. We are undermining the foundations of the house of Penrythan; we are working secretly in the dark. Some day the whole edifice will perhaps crumble into the dust. But, oh, too late for my happiness, too late, that is dead and gone for ever and ever and ever."

She wrung her hands again in her anguish. Lilius looked on her with wonderment. She could not fathom the depths of her mother's mysterious hopes and most passionate regrets. Edith went into the adjoining room, and came out again carrying a parcel tied up in paper. She unfastened this, and drew out a tiny baby's robe which had once been white cashmere, but now was tarnished and of a dingy pale yellow colour.

At the foot of this was worked in faded floss silk in raised letters the words "Lilius Anerly," and the name was surmounted by a coronet.

"You kept that robe for years," said Edith, "and at last your adopted father returned it to me in proof of your identity. Look at it well, Lilius, the time is coming when you will have to stand forth in an English Court of Justice and help to assert your rights; your baptismal register will be forthcoming also, for I have found out the church in Liverpool where you were christened under the name of Lilius Anerly Martin, and I have the certificate under lock and key in my dressing-case. Some day, my child, you may be acknowledged as the daughter of the Earl of Penrythan, and then this man on whom you have set your fancy would most likely be a humble suitor at your feet. But if he saw that dress and knew all the miserable tale, he would look on you as the child of an adventuress, and he would be quite delighted to win your affections, but not to make you his wife. Ah! men are so ambitious and so worldly, and women are so weak. Promise me, my child, not to love this man too

readily, not to believe in his loving eyes and low spoken words until you find that his love is true, that it can ignore self, that it can renounce name and place and ambition for your sake. Promise me if you love me to distrust every honied word he utters until you have proved it to be true."

Edith spoke in great excitement. Lilius took her mother's hands into her own.

"Darling mother, I will be guided by you. I believe that Mr. Vaughan is a good and true man, but I will not act on my belief until I know that he is good and true. He is coming here on Wednesday to your little reception, then you will see him and judge for yourself."

(To be Continued.)

MANAGEMENT OF INFANTS.

FRESH AIR.—Children's sleeping rooms must have fresh air, it is indispensable to their health and beauty.

As baby gets bigger, and leaves his mother's room, he is sometimes promoted to his brother's and sister's nursery, sometimes to a nursery of his own, with his nurse.

If possible let the night nursery be distinct from the day one; one room cannot serve for two purposes. The day nursery should be bright, and cheerful, and airy, not, as it too often is, the gloomiest room in the house, because "the children don't mind a dull room." Never was there a greater mistake; and there should be one room in the house (not only for the child's sake, but for the comfort of all the inmates), where toys can be arranged according to childish fancy, chairs harnessed, Lilliputian tea-parties given, without distracting the other members of the family. Only plain but strong furniture will stand the onslaughts of the young warriors, and Jehus. For many larger children, growing plants in sunny windows are a great pleasure, and they are now considered very healthy, though, some years ago, they were banished from all living-rooms.

The night nursery, too, should be in a dry part of the house, a room upon which the sun shines some portion of every day, and the longer the better. If you are fortunate enough to possess a room that you can spare for a night nursery, let each child have a separate cot, or small bed; never crowd three or four together in one, no matter if the bed is a large one. And if possible, do not let the children sleep with grown people; it is too common a practice to let one or two little children sleep in bed with a servant; we do not mean young infants in charge of its nurse, but older children who are thus huddled up, for want of room, or worse, to save trouble: rather let them sleep "two in a bed" themselves, than allow this. Some servants are models of cleanliness, but too many, who are neat about their work, are personally untidy; moreover, it is unhealthy for children to sleep habitually with grown persons.

No curtains or hangings should be placed around baby's bed; and, as we said before, the bed-clothing should be light, but warm. Mattresses of hair or wool should be used, not feather beds. Except the climate be very cold, the rooms that children habitually occupy should be as much without carpets as possible; in mild climates a square in the middle of the room is all that is necessary; the rest of the floor should be painted or stained a dark brown; the bit of carpet can then be taken up and shaken frequently, and the woodwork easily swept every day, and wiped up with a damp cloth every night.

In the morning, as soon as the children have left the room, the beds should be literally pulled to pieces—not taken off altogether in a "bundle," but each article separately, spreading them out as much as possible, over chairs, etc.; the mattresses should be turned up so as to air the under sides. Then the windows should be opened wide, letting the sash down a few inches from the top, and at once remove everything in

the way of "alops," etc., from the room, that ought to be removed, and every vessel should be thoroughly cleaned with warm water and soda; the longer the room is left to air, the better; two hours at least should be allowed for the purpose. Let there be certain days for changing the bed linen, and this should be done regularly—not only when it seems to need it.

Once a week the room should be scrubbed, or wiped up, with a piece of chloride of lime in the water; both winter and summer this should be done, but early in the morning, so that it will have time to dry, and if the day is wet or damp, it should be deferred till a dry one. "Prevention is better than cure," and by looking well after a plentiful supply of fresh air, and by trying to keep it fresh, we may save much grief, and even expense, in our households. Disinfecting fluids are very inexpensive; they are almost as much needed in cool days as in hot ones, but unfortunately too many of us forget to take the commonest sanitary precautions for the health of our children or of ourselves, till fever and diphtheria and other evils are in our doors.

If, on account of want of room, the day nursery is also used for sleeping in at night, all the precautions of which we have spoken are still more obligatory. The room should have its morning airing, as we have suggested, and when played in all day, with perhaps a big stove to heat it, the little ones should be turned out of it before their bed-time, and it should have a thorough ventilation. The dry heat of a stove is very objectionable, a fireplace is much healthier, as the fire causes a draught up the chimney, which keeps the air much purer. For a bedroom, the fireplace should always be open, if there is no other way of ventilating the room at night; or an inch or so of the upper sash of the window that is furthest from the bed, may be kept down.

RULES FOR MOTHERS DURING THE HOT SEASON.—The Board of Health has published the following rules for the care of children during the hot season:

NURSING OF INFANTS.—Over-feeding does more harm than anything else; nurse an infant a month or two old every two or three hours.

Nurse an infant of six months and over five times in twenty-four hours, and no more.

If an infant is thirsty, give it pure water or barley water; no sugar.

On the hottest days a few drops of whiskey may be added to either water or food; the whiskey not to exceed a teaspoonful in twenty-four hours.

FEEDING OF INFANTS.—Boil a teaspoonful of powdered barley (ground in coffee grinder) and a gill of water, with a little salt, for fifteen minutes, then strain, then mix it with half as much boiled milk, add a lump of white sugar size of a walnut, and give it lukewarm, from a nursing bottle. Keep bottle and mouthpiece in a bowl of water when not in use, to which a little soda may be added.

For infants five or six months old, give half barley water and half boiled milk, with salt and a lump of sugar.

For older infants, give more milk than barley water.

For infants very costive, give oatmeal instead of barley. Cook and strain as before.

When your breast milk is only half enough, change off between breast milk and this prepared food.

In hot weather, if blue litmus paper, applied to the food, turns red, the food is too acid, and you must make a fresh mess, or add a pinch of baking soda.

Infants of six months may have beef tea or beef soup once a day, by itself, or mixed with other food; and when ten or twelve months old, a crust of bread and a piece of rare beef to suck.

No child under two years ought to eat at your table.

Give no candies, in fact, nothing that is not contained in these rules, without a doctor's orders.

SUMMER COMPLAINT.—It comes from over-

feeding, and hot and foul air. Keep doors and windows open.

Wash your children well with cold water twice a day, and oftener in the hot season.

Never neglect looseness of the bowels in an infant; consult the family or dispensary physician at once, and he will give you rules about what it should take and how it should be nursed. Keep your rooms as cool as possible, have them well ventilated, and do not allow any bad smell to come from sinks, privies, garbage boxes, or gutters about the house where you live. See that your own apartments are right. Where an infant is cross and irritable in the hot weather a trip on the water will do it a great deal of good and may prevent cholera infantum.

FRUIT SAVES DOCTORS' BILLS.

AN experienced doctor says his bills are cut down in families in proportion as they eat fresh fruit. Strawberries, currants and tomatoes are better medicine than calomel or julep, and rather better to take. Apples freely eaten do the work of vermifuge or lozenges. Every fruit or berry has a mission to a man hidden away within it. Therefore, set out a strawberry bed, if you haven't one. If there is no other place border your walks, and with a sharp hoe and straight line keep the hedges cut clearly, leaving a rich mat of vines two feet wide. Plant currants. A fresh cutting will grow if you but stick it in the ground. Border the fences with raspberries. Walk around your place during the early spring days, and make a mental inventory of every spot where you can stick in a fruit tree or a berry bush. Plant something.

LEGALLY JUST.

AN English couple have recently been sentenced to matrimony in rather a curious way. A young man and a young woman were contesting possession of a piece of property, the one claiming under an old lease, the other under an old will.

"It just strikes me," said the justice, "that there is a pleasant and easy way to terminate this old lawsuit. The plaintiff appears to be a respectable young man, and this is a very nice young woman. (Laughter.) They can both get married and live happy on the farm. If they go on with law proceedings it will be all frittered away between the lawyers, who I am sure, are not ungrateful enough to wish the marriage not to come off."

The lady blushed and the young man stammered they "liked each other a little bit," so a verdict was entered for the plaintiff on condition of his promise to marry the defendant within two months, a stay of execution being put to the verdict till the marriage ceremony should be completed. About the first match ever made in a court of law.

MAN believes that to be a falsehood which contradicts the testimony of his own ignorance.

AN IMPROMPTU RIDE.—A San Francisco man bought a sugar hoghead the other day to use as a water tank. It was delivered in front of his house, above Stockton. He crawled inside, to determine as to its being water-tight, when it began rapidly to roll down the hill. At the Kearney-street crossing it knocked down a horse and buggy, and jumped clear over a furniture waggon near Montgomery-street. Near Battery-street it upset a car on the track and switched off into a wholesale druggist's. When the passenger was taken out he screamed "Fire!" for about fifteen minutes without stopping. He couldn't remember exactly what had happened, but had an unutterable conviction that something was wrong.

SENTIMENTAL FLIRTS.

No flirt does more damage than the unmonstrative man who takes sentiment as his ground of action. Soft eyes that look dark and melancholy in the twilight; a sweet, sad voice that awakes responsive echoes in the imagination of the hearer; a languid, still, and self-contained manner, giving the impression of a reserve fund of force, of talent, feeling, of capacity for sorrow, of power of sympathy—these are the various items which make up the stock-in-trade of the sentimental flirt; and with these he dispenses sweet pain and pleasant anguish to all around. All, that is, who are weak enough to believe and innocent enough to be deceived; and who take tinsel and tinfoil for shining silver and ruddy gold. How much mischief these sentimental flirts do in their day! They give you the impression that you and you only are the one sweet woman whose love is needed for their happiness.

Or take the tragic flirt from the other side of the house, that beautiful little woman with the big eyes and the melodious voice, who sings sad love songs as if she felt them, and round whom melancholy clings as a graceful garment, how many men has she not captured and drowned in the unfathomable abyss of her vanity. She looks all sorrow, and her life has not a cloud; she seems all sentiment, and no nether millstone is harder, or more prosaic; she gives you the impression of one seeking consolation, and the merriest little grig who dances all night in pink and rosebuds is not more light of heart, more free from care. She is a sham throughout, and she attitudinises—she does not feel. But clever men believe in her, and good ones fall down and worship her, and she rides on the crest of the wave in the world's esteem; while her sister, who disdains falsehood and coquetry alike, gets only scant admiration, and is hardly considered worth the winning.

A GOOD WIFE.

In the eighty-fourth year of his age, Dr. Calvin Chapin wrote of his wife: "My domestic enjoyments have been, perhaps, as near perfection as the human condition permits. She made my home the pleasantest spot to me on earth. And now that she is gone my worldly loss is perfect." How many a poor fellow would be saved from suicide, from the penitentiary and the gallows every year, had he been blessed with such a wife. "She made my home the pleasantest spot to me on earth." What a grand tribute to that woman's love, and piety, and common sense! Rather different was the testimony of an old man a few years ago, just before he was hung in the prison yard, in London. "I didn't intend to kill my wife, but she was a very aggravating woman." Let each wife inquire, "Which am I?"

A NOVEL WAY FOR A WIFE TO INCREASE HER ALLOWANCE.

MARRIAGES between persons possessed of much property are often preceded by marriage settlements, in which an ample supply of pin money is secured to the wife. In this country it is customary to trust to the husband's affection, and, that failing, to the aid of the law which requires a husband to support his wife. It naturally follows that feminine art should be employed in pleasant devices to increase the sum when it is thought to be too small. These are often depicted in a humorous light by the writers of true stories of domestic life.

A very novel method of increasing a wife's allowance was recently made public in the course of a trial in one of our city courts. A doctor sued an architect for professional services, and the architect disputed most of the charges. The defendant himself took the stand, and tes-

tified that when the doctor was first called to him, he had been knocked down by a blow with a glass bottle, which his wife had inflicted upon his head, and from the effects of which he lay for some time in a state of unconsciousness.

The funny part of the architect's testimony was what followed his account of this assault and battery. He said that previous to the blow he had been allowing his wife twelve pounds a month. After the assault he increased the sum to twenty-five pounds.

Although the extraordinary measure resorted to in this instance proved successful, we certainly should not recommend its adoption by discontented married women in general. In another case it might be followed by very different consequences.

THE
COST OF CORA'S LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Clytie Cranbourne," "The Golden Bowl,"
"Poor Loo," "Bound to the Trawl,"
"Fringed with Fire," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. SMITH'S STORY.

Alas! what stay is there in human state,
Or who can shun inevitable fate?
The doom was written, the decree was past,
E'er the foundations of the world were cast:

"MOTHER, I am going out to Peru to seek my fortune. My grandfather is still living in Lima, isn't he?"

"Going to Peru!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, her face flushing, and the ready tears starting to her eyes; "you mustn't, Walter, you mustn't think of it; Roderigo de Castellaro, the man who murdered your father, but who was never brought to justice, registered a vow that he would take your life also. That was why I brought you to England when you were but a little child, and why I have lived here since, though my father wanted me to make my home with him, and promised if I would do so to provide for you as for one of my brothers. You must not go to South America, Walter, indeed you must not."

"Nonsense, mother," replied the young man, gently taking her hand; "your fears blind you to facts. You forget that if Castellaro lives he must be an old man, while I am a young one, and there is nothing I should like better than to bring the man who assassinated my father to justice."

"You talk like a child, my dear," pleaded his mother. "Castellaro fled and became the chief of a band of robbers, though he had been rich and was of noble family; his age will be no obstacle to the fulfilment of his oath. His spies and followers obey his will implicitly, and he could doom you to certain death without ever seeing your face. Promise me, Walter, that you will give up this wild scheme; you don't need riches, you have been wonderfully successful at the university. It is merely a waste of time to go out to Peru with a view to becoming rich. Something has happened; tell me what it is."

And her son did tell her. He spoke of his great love for Cora and of hers for him, of the decision of the marquis and of his own desire to be sufficiently wealthy by the time Cora was of age to be able to offer her a home in which she should find every comfort and luxury, even if it could not be so magnificent as the one in which she had spent her girlhood. As Mrs. Smith listened to her son's confession of his love for Cora Lyster her heart sank within her. Her own supremacy in her boy's affections was gone! She was deposed for a younger and a fairer queen, and though she knew it was but natural that this should be so, and was quite ready to admit that it ought to be so, still the bitterness

remained, and she said, with more feeling and energy than she was conscious of:

"Then Cora Lyster's love is to cost me my son?"

"No, mother, dear, it is to give you a daughter," said the young man, putting his arm round his mother and tenderly kissing her. "My father won a wife," he went on, "and you would not have me unlike him?"

Your father paid for his wife with his life," moaned the grief-stricken widow and mother.

And what man would lose the woman he loved through fear of the assassin's knife," asked Walter, loftily. "Would life be worth having if we carried it about with us in terror; no, mother, don't be so weak, and don't try to make a coward of me. I have quite resolved to go to South America. I shall be able to arrange for the three hundred a year from my fellowship to be paid to my account, and this will amply cover my expenses; I have counted it all over, you see."

"Yes," replied his mother in a tone of resigned despondency, "I suppose it is my fate. Roderigo swore to me that if I married any man but himself he would make me husbandless and childless. He has kept one part of his vow, he will keep the other, and I am powerless to thwart him."

"Really, mother, I should never have thought you were so weak," remonstrated Walter. "I must get Cadbury to talk to you; it is simply preposterous to suppose that I am to be daunted by the fear of a jealous old bandit who flourished about the time I was born, and who, it is to be hoped, was food for the vultures long ago. Only, mother, as you love me, don't infect Cora with your apprehensions; she is unwilling enough for me to go as it is." And he was leaving the room with the intention of walking over to the Rectory when his mother said: "Stay, I have something more to tell you, and I may not have strength or courage to open this subject again."

"What is it, mother?" For she had paused and her face had become pale and old-looking, and her eyes had an expression of horror in them as though some terrible scene in the past were being again enacted under her eyes.

"There was some mystery about your father," she began. "He told me so frankly before we were married, but he said the preservation of the secret was to his advantage, and would be to mine, and that he would tell me about it one day. But I was not curious; I loved him and I trusted him, and so time went on. You were born, and the anniversary of our marriage had returned when—"

She covered her face with her hands. The scene which memory conjured up was so horribly painful that even now, after this lapse of time, she could not recall it without agonising emotion. Her son tried to soothe her, but it was some time before she could continue her story.

"It was the evening of the first anniversary of our wedding," she said at length. "William and I had been nursing and playing with you until the nurse had taken you away for the night. Once or twice as we sat talking together I thought I heard strange, soft, creeping noises in the garden and on the verandah. But your father laughed at my nervousness, and then began to tell me that he thought the time had come for confiding to me the secret he had hitherto withheld. Just then I stopped him, for I was sure I heard a step outside. Nothing and nobody was to be seen, however, and he came back, laughing at my folly, then he left the room, while I sat quietly waiting and listening, but hearing nothing."

"Yes, mother," said Walter, for again she had paused.

"Your father came back in a few seconds," she went on, "bringing a small tin box, something like a cash box, in his hand."

"I had arranged my papers here in case I died suddenly," he said, "so that you and the boy could go to England and claim your rightful position, but now we will all go together." And he took his seat by my side, and was selecting the key from the bunch he held in his hand to

open the box when the window was violently burst open, and Roderigo de Castellaro, followed by several villainous-looking men, sprang into the room."

"Poor mother!" said Walter, tenderly. "I threw myself before my husband and shrieked for help," she continued, "but I could not save him. The ruffians held me, my husband struggled, and I saw Roderigo de Castellaro bury his dagger in my William's heart. Then came a blank—I remembered nothing more. I lost consciousness, and I was told afterwards that for weeks I lay between life and death."

"And the murderers were not captured, mother?"

"No. Their object, it was said, was to carry me off to the mountains and to kill my husband, but my cries had aroused the servants, who gave the alarm, and the wretches made off, carrying everything they could lay hands upon with them."

"And the tin box, mother?"

"That went too. Whether Castellaro took it, or one of his band appropriated it, or it was stolen by one of the servants, I could never discover. I was insensible for weeks, and as such outrages were of constant occurrence in that wild, ill-governed land, it was almost a forgotten story when I was well enough to make inquiries. More than this, I believe my father and brothers thought the story about the box and the secret your father was going to tell me was some delusion left in my mind from the fever I had been thrown into, for they told me there could be no secret. Mr. Smith had been introduced to them by a celebrated mining engineer whom they had known for years, and who spoke of William as of an old friend."

"What was this engineer's name, mother," asked the young man.

"Steventon; but he is dead. I went to seek him when I came to England, thinking he could help me in finding out what my husband meant to tell me, but he was dead—had been killed in a railway accident about a week after my poor William died—so the news of my loss could not have reached him."

"And you had no other clue to the secret, mother?"

"None. For more than three-and-twenty years I have lived in England, for I came away from Peru directly I was strong enough to bear the journey, and was convinced that the stolen box could not be recovered. Now, you can understand why I dread your going to that land of lawlessness and bloodshed."

"But, mother, this was fully three-and-twenty years ago. The world has changed since then."

"Not in that part of it," replied the lady, sadly. "True, an armed band would not be so likely now as then, to break into a house just outside the city and murder its owner, but if outrages of the kind are not so frequent, they may still occur sometimes."

"All you tell me, mother, simply makes my desire to go more intense," said Walter, earnestly. "Who knows? I may yet find that wonderful tin box, and from its contents discover that I am heir to a noble title and princely estates as the story books have it. But jesting aside," he went on, with a sigh; "I should be glad of anything that would place me more on an equality with Lord Lamorna's adopted daughter."

"Who by right of birth may not even be your equal, Walter," suggested his mother.

"That has nothing to do with it," hastily asserted the son. "To all intents and purposes, she is the daughter of a peer of England, and I am, so far as I know, a mere nobody, but I want to have a chat with Cadbury, and I want you to make me a promise. You will be like a mother to Cora when I am gone, won't you, mother dear, for my sake as well as for hers?"

"For the sake of both," was the tearful reply. "I shall win a daughter if I lose a son."

"You will have both, mother; but don't try to dissuade me any longer. What you have told me about my father would have sent me to Peru if I had never known Cora."

"I always feared it," returned Mrs. Smith, in a sad tone. "That has been my principal reason for not telling you before; and I knew how useless the search for the box and the papers it contained would be. My father and brothers convinced me, when I persisted in my assertions about them, that they must be irretrievably lost."

"Still, something may be found out, even if the papers are gone," returned the young man, hopefully; "and if all else fails my grandfather and uncles, without any great loss to themselves, can no doubt put me in the way of making money. I want you to write to them, mother, and also prepare letters for me to take with me; and then there will be my outfit to order and get ready. Do you think you will be able to run up to town with me on Monday?"

"I will. When do you intend to start?"

"In the course of a week or ten days. I must see about a vessel; but I am off to the Rectory now."

So saying, with his pulses beating high with hope and exultation, Walter Smith strode off towards the Rectory, while his mother sat down under the verandah to muse and to weep.

It was evening. The lamps had not been lighted. The soft evening light had a tendency to soothe the pain of the sorrow-stricken mother, and as she sat and watched the rosy glow left by the last rays of the setting sun, gradually fading into the duller hues of night, she mentally drew a parallel between the scene before her and her own troubled life, which seemed to be fading away, like the day, in gloom.

But suddenly, as she lifted her face, the evening star met her eyes. It was the planet Venus, large, bright and luminous, the star of hope as well as the star of beauty; and then the crescent moon displayed her silvery splendour, and as the parting day melted into balmy night the gentle stars showed themselves one by one and shed their soft radiance on the grateful earth, and poor Mrs. Smith, always impressionable, and, it must be admitted, somewhat given to fatalism and superstition, felt the load of grief lifted from her heart, and a feeling of hope and confidence in the future take its place.

As for Walter, he walked along under the star-lit sky in a condition of mind it would have been difficult for himself to analyse. A new vista of possibilities seemed to have been suddenly opened up in his life. Hitherto he had not dreamed that there could be any secret connected with the father whom he had never known and of whom he had heard so little, and he had felt rather inclined to be annoyed at the questions which both Lord Lamorna and Lady Bellinda had addressed to him on the subject. He did not think of this now. He only pondered over his mother's words, feeling convinced from them that the secret was no disgrace to himself or to her, and that the clearing up of the mystery would be of material benefit to both of them. What this disclosure could possibly lead to, or how it was to be effected, were questions quite wide enough to fill his mind with all kinds of speculations, and even to drive the remembrance of Cora, for the time being, altogether from his thoughts.

He found Fleming Cadbury in his study. A change had come over the aspect of the usually cheerful clergyman. Abstracted, thoughtful, and even moody, he seemed to prefer the solitude of his own thoughts to the society of any of his friends, and had not Walter felt so sure of his welcome he would certainly have fancied that he was not wanted.

"The evening is very close," said the rector, almost as soon as his visitor had shaken hands with him. "Shall we smoke a cigar in the garden?"

"Yes, I should like it immensely, and I want a chat with you," was the reply.

Then the two men walked out, and, for a time, there was silence between them, broken at length by Walter abruptly stating his intention of going to South America.

"South America!" repeated Cadbury, with a start. "Shall you go to Mexico while you are in the New World?"

"Not that I know of. My business is in Peru, but my wanderings may take me into Mexico, and perhaps California and other parts of North America before I return."

"You must go to Mexico to oblige me. Say that you will go there. Oh, how I wish that I could get away from this place and go with you!"

"And why can't you? Nothing is easier than to get someone to take your duties in the parish while you are abroad. It is true that I intend to remain away some three or four years, for I want to make money; but you could return whenever you like. What do you say? Will you run over with me?"

But the rector shook his head slowly as he said:

"No; it was but a wild fancy. My place is here, but you may be able to do me a great service out there; and if you can, I know you will."

"You may rely upon that."

"I was sure of it. I cannot tell you to-night what it is I want you to do for me, for I have not the particulars at hand, and moreover, the matter concerns another person rather than myself; but you have not told me why you are going. Isn't your intention somewhat sudden?"

"Yes; though you, or rather the sight of a lady I saw with you this morning, suggested the idea to my mind."

Then he told his friend how on the previous evening at the castle he had confessed his love for Cora, how the confession had been received, his meditations and resolve by the river that morning, his interview with the marquis and Lady Bellinda, and the conditional assent given to his suit.

"I don't think I should have thought of Peru but for the face of that beautiful woman I saw you talking to, Cadbury," he concluded; "she made me think of the portraits of Spanish and Peruvian beauties of which my mother has so fine a collection, and then I remembered that I was born in Lima, and that most of my relatives are still living there."

"You saw me this morning," said the rector, his mind filled with but one idea. "That foot-bridge seems rather a fateful place," with a laugh that seemed unnatural; "it is on behalf of that very lady that I want you to make some inquiries for me in Mexico; but we will talk of this again. I must see her first and obtain her consent to the investigation being made."

Again there was silence for a time. Walter felt surprised and slightly hurt at Cadbury's want of sympathy and interest in his love for Cora.

To himself there seemed something almost marvellous in the fact that she loved him, and that there should be a hope, even though a distant one, of his one day winning her for his wife.

His mind also was agitated by the story about his father that his mother had told him, and he had come over this evening quite intent upon confiding this also to his friend. But Walter could not pour out his inmost hopes and fears to an abstracted and unsympathetic listener.

True, he made one or two efforts to talk on the subject, but he received no encouragement. Cadbury answered vaguely, or threw in an occasional observation utterly at variance with the subject, and their cigars being finished, he said something about having been up late the previous night and feeling sleepy.

So Walter took his leave, vexed, if not angry, and determined not to mention what his mother had said to him, or give a hint of there being any secret connected with his parentage until he had been successful in discovering what it really was.

This resolve was strengthened when he awoke the next morning, and could review calmly and reasonably the events of the past day and night.

"If anything can be discovered to my advantage, it will be a pleasant surprise to Cora and to everyone who cares for me," he mentally assured himself, "and if it cannot, if I learn

nothing and gain nothing, it will be no disappointment to anyone but myself."

Then he went up to the castle to say adieu for a few days while he went to London with his mother to select a ship and purchase an outfit.

CHAPTER XII.

CORA'S GIFT.

She loved me. All things told it—eye to eye and palm to palm;
As the pause upon the ceasing of a thousand-voiced psalm
Was the mighty satisfaction and the full eternal calm.

A fortnight later there is much lamentation at Lamorna Castle, for Walter Smith is to start for Peru on the coming day. Cora walks about with red eyes and pale cheeks, and hugs big Nell and the three remaining pups, kisses the marquis reproachfully, and finally buries her head in Lady Bellinda's lap and sobs aloud.

She is very ill-used, cruelly, bitterly ill-used, she thinks. Her lover is going away from her, is being sent away by her over prudent guardians, and she refuses to hide her grief, refuses to be comforted. It is the first time in her life that she has been denied anything she has set her heart upon, and even now she cannot believe that they will all be so cruel as to inflict this sorrow upon her.

"I will live in a cottage with him, papa—I don't want to be rich—only don't send him away," she pleaded, tearfully. "We will wait as long as you like, but I must see him every day. I must! I must! or I shall die!" And she wept and sobbed bitterly.

Lady Bellinda would have yielded, for memories of her own girlhood came back to her and made her very tender to the human wail whom she and her brother had taken into their hearts and cherished. Bitter and acrid to all the rest of the world, she was sweet as summer flowers to Cora, and when she saw how her pet was shaken and utterly cast down with grief she sent for her brother, and suggested a compromise. The young couple should wait a year, and she would settle a good proportion of her own ample fortune upon them. But though gentle and kind-hearted to a fault, the marquis could be firm when he saw fit, and he now put his foot down resolutely and refused to sanction any deviation from the original plan.

"Cora is too young to marry," he said, with quiet decision, "and Walter must go to South America. If I were a younger man I would accompany him, as it is, I intend to entrust the duty to him of trying to discover the fate of our lost brother William. This uncertainty regarding him is intolerable to me. If he is living or if he has left any heirs, the disposal of our possessions will be easy enough. If not, I have no desire for my property to go to the Crown, and I should know what to do with it, but years ago—soon after Cora came to us—I made a somewhat fanciful will, which I have never destroyed. I have often intended to do so, and to make another, but I have not. A singular impression is always upon me that William will come back, or that I shall hear from him, and I would not wrong him or ignore his wishes whether he is alive or dead."

"You might make certain bequests in your will conditional upon his return or upon his ever having been married," suggested Lady Bellinda.

But the marquis shook his head.

"No," he said, "I shall let what I have done stand as it is for the present. If you survive me you will know how to act, but Walter must go away now. It is my one chance of finding out what I want to know, and if he is half as worthy a fellow as I take him to be I am sure he would very much rather do something to improve his own pecuniary position than take an unearned fortune from us. His relatives out there may help him, they will not do so if he remains here. Neither you nor I could approve of a man being entirely dependent on his wife's fortune, let it be ever so large. It cannot fail to lessen his own sense of independence, perhaps destroy his self-respect."

"You have resolved that he shall go?" asked his sister.

"Quite," was the reply.

Then Lady Bellinda gave up the contest and directed her efforts to soothing Cora by representing to the girl that yielding to her grief would only give fresh and unnecessary pain to Walter, since nothing either of them could say or do would alter matters.

Whereupon Cora, with many preliminary sobs, dried her eyes, bathed her face, and tried to assume an expression of cheerfulness by the time Walter made his appearance at the castle to spend his last day with her.

As the Marquis of Lamorna had expressed a wish that anything like an engagement that might exist between these two young people should be kept secret, it was fortunate that Lance Latimer had taken himself off for a few days, and had thus freed them from the restraint which his presence always imposed.

It was a sad day for all that. True, they were alone, and the star of hope shone in the future, but such partings are always sorrowful. Now, when the time had so nearly arrived, Walter began to regret his resolution to go so far away from England.

"Surely," he began to reason with himself, "money could be made nearer home."

But it was too late to turn back or to confess his own reluctance to follow the course he had himself mapped out. Besides, he had work to do for other people as well as for himself.

Fleming Cadbury, under the seal of inviolable secrecy, had told him Juanita's sad story, had given him dates, names and places, and had made him promise to hunt the matter up and ascertain whether or not the marriage solemnised between the poor girl and Lance Latimer was legal and binding or not.

Lord Lamorna had told him he should commission him to trace the fate of his brother, and had promised that every trivial fact or scrap of information concerning the lost Lord William Lyster should be written down and given to him before starting.

Then, he was afraid to trust to his memory, so he had induced his mother to set down her story in writing, being very particular about names, places and dates, and with these three romances to unravel, he naturally was not so completely unmoved as Cora at the idea of parting, though he would very gladly at the last moment have thrown over all the world for love.

How long, and yet how short that day seemed to the two lovers. The fond kisses; the whispered vows; the assurance that they repeated over and over again to each other that the time would not be so very long, that a bright future lay before them, and that though they would have to wait, there would still be the consolation to both that they might correspond fully and freely, and that every passing hour would bring them nearer to the great happiness they looked forward to. Thus the day wore on, and the hour of parting was at hand.

"I want to see you in my study for a few minutes," the marquis said. And Walter at once rose to follow him. "About money, my boy," said his lordship, as he threw himself into a chair; "you mustn't be offended; but how are you off for funds?"

"I have all I want, thank you, sir," was the quick response, "and I am not going to strangers; my grandfather has telegraphed to assure me of a hearty welcome."

"I am glad to hear it, but the search I want you to undertake for me will cost money—perhaps a great deal of money, and I wish you not to spare expense, so I shall give orders for your drafts to be honoured by my bankers and their agents. Here are some letters of credit."

"It is quite unnecessary, my lord," expostulated the young man.

"I particularly wish you to take them, and here are the particulars regarding my brother; you must study them on board ship, or when you reach your destination. Your mind is too full of Cora to-day. And now good-bye, my

boy; she will be true to you, be sure. Heaven bless you and bring you back to us safely."

So saying, he wrung the young man's hand, then walked out of the study window, evidently unwilling to witness any more of the leave taking. Walter put the papers in his pocket, and went back to the peacock drawing-room, where he had left Lady Bellinda, Cora, and big Nell.

The three were sad, and the tears seemed to stand in the mastiff's eyes as she looked so mournfully and with such grave compassion at our hero, for, with some of the fickleness attributed to her sex, she had transferred a great portion of her affections from Cora to Walter, making her mistress declare herself to be absolutely jealous.

"I must say good-bye, I fear," the young man began, as he entered the room. "You will wish me God-speed, I am sure, Lady Bellinda?"

"I do. We shall all look for your letters eagerly, and count the days till you return." And she gave him her hand, which he respectfully kissed, but as he lifted his head he saw tears in the proud old eyes, and she said, with a sob:

"You may kiss me, and tell your mother I almost envy her her son."

Walter obeyed. He felt choking with emotion, they had all been so kind to him, had put aside all differences of wealth and station, and had treated him as a member of their own family rather than as a mere nobody, as he had told himself he was, and he felt almost as though he were undeserving of so much affection and consideration.

"I will walk a little way with you, Walter, if I may, auntie?" said Cora, with a glance at the old lady.

A mute assent, then the two went out with big Nell at their side, leaving Lady Bellinda alone.

"It seems like the past coming back again," she mused, sadly, "and I can almost believe it is my brother William saying good-bye to me until I look in the glass and see the withered, wrinkled face of an old woman instead of the fresh colour and beauty I once possessed. Ah, well! the end cannot be far distant—"

The young may die, the old must,

though I have seen young and old fall like the leaves in autumn or wither like the flowers in spring."

Then Lady Bellinda wiped the tears from her eyes and from her shrivelled cheeks, and walked to a window from which she could see the lovers walking slowly in the direction of the river.

"A bonny couple," she sighed, tenderly. "I talk of death as though I wished for it, and I know I do not. No, indeed I don't. I hope I may live to dance at their wedding; I shall feel that my life has not been quite in vain if I can help to make them happy." Then she turned away, while we will follow the lovers. They have reached the footbridge that crosses the Wreydon when Walter pauses.

"I can't let you go any farther, my pet," he says, sadly.

"And you are really going to leave me, Walter?"

"I must, my love; but see, I have something I want you to wear for my sake." And he took from his pocket a small packet wrapped in paper, which he opened, disclosing a leather case.

This opened with a spring and Cora saw a large gold locket, on which was engraved an elaborate monogram forming the names Cora and Walter.

"How beautiful!" she exclaimed and she was about to open it when he stopped her.

"There is a ring inside," he said, with a smile; "I don't know if they will let you wear it; if not, you can keep it here."

Then he opened the golden case, disclosing his own portrait at the back, and took from a cavity which seemed to have been made on purpose to hold it, a small narrow ring, set with sapphires and diamonds.



[FAREWELL.]

"It is very unpretending, but you know what it means, my love," he said, as he pressed the golden hoop on the finger where he hoped one day to place a plainer circlet; then he kissed the fair hand, while she, happy in his love and his gifts, and yet sorrowful at parting, lifted her face for the kiss which she was proud to return.

"And what can I give you?" she asked, the idea for the first time flashing across her mind.

"You have given me your love and that is the greatest of all possible treasures," he replied.

"Yes, and you have given me yours; but I must give you something else. I'll tell you!" with a sudden flash of delight, "you shall have big Nell. I love her better than anything except you, and papa and auntie; yes, you shall have big Nell and she shall take care of you. I have read lots of stories about dogs saving their masters' lives; and you know she is really more fond of you than she is of me. Yes, Nell shall go with you; look here, Nell, this is your master, you are to go with him and take care of him and bring him back to me."

"No, my darling," interrupted Walter; "you don't think I would take Nell from you; the idea is absurd."

"It isn't absurd. I shall train up Judy, her pup, to walk about with me and be my own property, and I shall feel ever so much happier in knowing that Nell is with you; she will be like a messenger from me to keep me constantly in your mind. I need fear no rivals if Nell is with you."

"I shall not need Nell to remind me of you, my love; besides," with hesitation, "what shall I do with such a big creature? They won't let her come in the same carriage with me in the railway, they will vote her a nuisance on board ship, and if I am travelling about a lawless and mountainous country on foot or on horseback, poor Nell would find it very hard to follow, and she is not like a small pet that one can carry."

"Other men take dogs with them," asserted Cora, "and why shouldn't you. Now, I want you to promise me to take Nell with you for my sake, and always to keep her with you and to remember when she is a little trouble that she isn't half as troublesome as I should be if I were there instead of her."

"That would be a kind of trouble that I think I could very well put up with," he replied, with a fond smile; "but you must take Nell back to the castle with you now, we have no room for her at the cottage, and if you are resolved to inflict such a white elephant upon me, send her down early in the morning by a groom; but you had better reconsider the matter, darling, you don't know what trials you may be entailing upon poor Nell, and as for me, I shall feel I have a weight upon my shoulders, and that I shall never dare to show my face here again if anything happens to the poor brute."

"That is perfectly ridiculous; and you will take her, Walter?"

"I will take anything you like, my love; the puppies into the bargain, if you insist upon it."

"Now you are laughing at me, but I shall send her down, and a note with her; and now—" this with a sob.

The cheerfulness which the discussion about Nell had produced gave way, and for a few seconds they stood in the shadow of the trees clasped heart to heart, mute with emotion. Walter was the first to break the spell.

"You must be brave, my darling," he whispered. "It will not be such a very long time, and then you will be all my own. Kiss me; and now I shall take you back a little way. And remember, if you are going to banish poor Nell you must pay her some attention this evening."

Then they both smiled, and then their lips met again, and Cora sobbed and Walter sighed as Shakespeare's words came into his mind—

Parting is such sweet sorrow.

That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.

The end came at last; they retraced their

steps towards the mansion, and when they came in sight of it they wrung each other's hands as though they were never to meet again, and Cora walked back to the castle, while Walter leaned against a tree and watched her.

Big Nell, as though she had understood the conversation, lingered behind with Walter till he told her to follow her mistress, then she obeyed, slowly and reluctantly, and thus the golden-haired, white robed figure with the tawny coloured dog by her side ascended the stone steps which led to the terrace, and then turned to wave a last adieu to him she loved so dearly.

Often and often again this picture came back to his memory when thousands of miles of sea and land divided him from her; the memory of this pure English maiden as he saw her on the terrace, brave for his sake, and loving him with the whole strength of her true woman's heart, was his sweetest consolation in the hour of trial, and to see her again as he saw her then was the exceeding great reward to which he looked forward continually.

The next morning, just as he and his mother were about to start on their long drive to the railway station, a groom arrived from Lamorna Castle with big Nell and a note from the mastiff's mistress.

"Thanks!" exclaimed Walter, taking the tiny missive with ill-repressed eagerness.

Then big Nell jumped upon the box by the driver, and she and her new master set out together upon their travels.

"A preposterous thing to take such a dog with you," Mrs. Smith had said.

But her son merely smiled. It was Cora's wish; and Cora's wish to him was law. Perhaps, if they could have looked into the future, they might have felt that the impulse which had made the maiden give her lover such a guardian had been inspired by some more than mortal power, and that, though her love would cost him much, it would watch over him always.

(To be Continued.)



[THE INTERRUPTED BRIDAL.]

LORD JASPER'S SECRET;

—OR—

BETWEEN PALACE AND PRISON.

By the Author of "Lady Violet's Victims."

CHAPTER XXXV.

"BEFORE THE ALTAR."

Live, yet live.
 Shall sharpest pathos blight us, knowing all
 Life needs for life is possible to will?
 Live happy, tend thy flowers—be tended by
 My blessing.

EUSTACIA'S refusal to be aught but Lord Jasper's wife has culminated in the highly satisfactory result of finding his lordship willing to bestow his title and inheritance on the girl who has evaded every effort and attempt to ruin her principles and bring her to destruction. As a man of the world, he naturally believes her quite worth the winning, and he is so absolutely wretched without Eustacia that to escape general depression, morbidness, and the more aggravated attacks of cynicism, he resolves to make her his wife.

Certainly, on hearing of similar cases one might be tempted to endorse that test which savors of worldliness, "Godliness is profitable," for by godliness, or rather, virtue, Eustacia will be presented at Court, be the mistress of several splendid landed estates, a town mansion, the family diamonds, and other agreeable possessions. But she is not thinking of the material benefits to be derived from her marriage with Lord Jasper to-day, as she fastens the lace veil over her ebony hair, and tremors of happy thought and tender emotions flit across her pure sweet face. Love is approaching her now as an angel of peace and light. It is not the shameful, despicable passion she had

trembled before even as it spread its evil nets for her ruin—the temptation she had nearly yielded to in the momentary weakness of her girlhood, but love blessed by heaven, sanctified by religion, and the law of God and man.

So at least she believes, standing before the window on her bridal morn, her neck and shoulders hidden by the wealth of hair she proceeds to plait in one large and heavy braid. There is new brilliancy in her expression, a lustre never before seen, for Eustacia till lately has always been harassed, worried, and care-racked. The odium attached to all "governesses" in Mrs. Ruthven's hard eyes has descended on her and surrounded her like a gloomy cloud, and even yet she is dazzled and confused by the glitter and sudden radiance of her lot. She feels like a person brought from the coldest regions of the north pole to the fairest spot in some tropical clime; the warm hues and tints of the flowers and clouds and sky blending harmoniously in one magnificent tout ensemble, necessarily confuse the senses of a wanderer so long used to the frigidity of ice.

Lady Emmeline, resigned and inexorable, but resolved to give her step-son the benefit of her advice when it is too late to change anything, is stiffening into unpleasant propriety, as Lord Jasper sips his coffee in the Eaton Square dining-room.

Lady Emmeline has a very hazy knowledge who Eustacia is. She has seldom met Madame de Camours, who is now indeed away from England, and Mrs. Ruthven, frolicsome as a kitten, and as full of gambols as a goat, soon banished all memory of Lord Jasper and the governess, whose successful copying of intricate paper patterns, and clever manipulation of old lace into new and becoming caps, had been so advantageous to Mrs. Ruthven's interests, that she magnanimously forgave both any sinister motives, and even nobly went to the extent of "hoping they'd be happy."

"I am intensely delighted, dearest, Maude is married," Lady Emmeline is saying, tapping her foot on the floor and glowering at Lord

Jasper, whose appetite is nevertheless excellent as he helps himself to another piece of hot, buttered toast. It may possibly seem a vulgar and even plebeian article of diet for a nobleman on his wedding morn, but he eats it in this instance almost mechanically, as a sort of refuge from Lady Emmeline's opprobrium.

"Yes, of course, awfully good thing for her, you know. If she'd waited longer on the hooks, why the consequences might have been an impossibility of—aw—hooking anyone. Wretched bad pun, chère dame; of course it is, but can a man be facetious under the present circumstances?"

"Poor, poor Stephanie," sighs Lady Emmeline, injudiciously. "Ah! she was a lady, if you like, and whatever the law and lawyers may say or do, I maintain, Jasper, it was your bounden duty to have married her over again, especially when—"

"Too late now, at any rate," glancing at his watch.

"You are selfish, Jasper, and this new infatuation absorbs you completely. I have never been even introduced to the creature. Some coryphée, isn't she, with a fine head of hair? Dear, dear, how singular it is that men like common women so, it's because it amuses them, correcting the mistakes they make, I suppose."

"Madame, you are going too far. How dare you insult my promised bride. Common! She's the most refined lady to be met with, accomplished, sweet, and gentle. I have borne much lately from your insulting insinuations; but Eustacia shall run no chance of meeting your cruel shafts. Why, if she were a starving beggar, you dare not abuse her more heartlessly."

"Jasper, you know I'm fond of you, dear. I don't wish to offend or hurt your feelings, or hers," Lady Emmeline answers, penitently. "Don't let us quarrel, Jasper, above all on your wedding-day. I'm thinking of your poor dead father. I dreamt of him last night. I saw him sitting so plainly in his old accustomed place. It was a horrible dream, Jasper, and do you

know, like Pilate's wife, I've a belief in dreams."

"You ate something indigestible for supper, I daresay," Lord Jasper answers, lightly; "pickled salmon and cucumber, most likely, or lobster salad, for I see you've not lately gone in for late dinners."

A prosaic speech for a poet, but he does not care to be annoyed by foolish dreams when on the brink of delightful reality.

"That was a strange will, Jasper, your father made, and how mysteriously determined he was to find that missing child. Codicil tells me she is, he thinks, dead. In the dream I saw your father embrace his daughter. He was leading her as a bride to the altar where her husband awaited her. It was over a wide desert. The hot heat and sand reminded me of the picture of Hagar and her child in the wilderness, and then your father bade her rest, and a figure, robed in black, came up and took her hand, and the desert changed to a blood-stained floor, and your father had vanished, while the girl lay dead amid ruins."

Lord Jasper, calmly devouring the last succulent morsel of toast, on which he spreads some anchovy paste, shakes his head at his step-mother and says:

"Chère dame, why not choose another husband? Take Luxmore, for instance, poor wretch, he's devoted lonely, and he struggles so laboriously to please you when he calls. A woman with your beauty, grace and intellect ought not to be given over to foolish fancies; we shall next have you taking up with Napoleon's Book of Fate like some elderly virgin of romantic tendencies."

The Duke of Luxmore is the beau-ideal of Lady Emmeline's widowed heart; he is an elderly and gentlemanly roué of first class manufacture, who has cheerfully buried two spouses, and bravely intends to marry a girl young enough to be his granddaughter.

It is a clever alerte on the part of Lord Jasper to change his step-mother's thoughts, for he yearns for silence and repose. All the tenderness of his nature is drawn to a higher, fuller pitch of intensity and depth than he has ever before experienced; imagination no longer droops and expires in conjuring visions of empty falsity; it soars aloft on its mighty pinions, while the heart palpitates anew with rapture.

Let Lady Emmeline discuss society, dress and worldliness with the sweet enthusiasm of the sophisticated—leave him to the emotions of a love soon to find utterance in a language beyond her ken.

It is to be a very simple affair, this wedding. A quiet edifice in one of the West End quarters has been selected as the church in which Lord Jasper and Eustacia will be married; he has invited no guests.

Lady Emmeline, accompanied by Mr. Codicil at her particular request, will probably be present, although the latter has so strong a prejudice against the Fitzmaurices, their brides, and marriages. The ejaculations, shrugs, hand-liftings, and amazement with which the respectable lawyer had heard of the existence of the Count de Remolles, and the consequent invalidity of Stephanie's union with Lord Jasper, could only be surpassed by the withering sarcasms that now fall from his tongue as he combs his straight, limp hair before his mirror prior to donning his frock coat.

"That woman gave me no peace till I promised to be present to-day," he mutters, alluding to Lady Emmeline, "and yet I've a powerful presentiment some fatality must ever follow this miserable race of Fitzmaurices. There is no armour against Fate, we all know, and no armour, apparently, against ill luck."

Mr. Codicil is thinking of his reckless speculations on the Stock Exchange, and the utter impossibility of ever being able to produce the trust money of fifty thousand pounds entrusted to him by the dead lord.

"The child died, of course, and that Slater wanted to foist some changeling on our credulity. Who would now believe the word of a convict with a hundred black spots on her character?

Well, she's safe enough with the stone jug and the hempen ropes. But I must have some brandy. I hate weddings—yes, and women! Why should Lady Camelia leave her beautiful home and an adoring husband and her son to plunge us and everything else into mystery, because an opera singer had a straight nose, an historic face, and a good set of teeth? Confound the fellow! The dance he's led us all, to be sure."

Mr. Codicil swallows his brandy and draws on his dark blue frock coat. He looks a mild and gentlemanly person; who could believe that his passion for dabbling in the Stock Exchange is as overwhelming as the craving for alcohol with a drunkard?

"The only man who could have cleared up the mystery was Aaron the Jew, but Aaron's a shuffling card, and Jabes Cohen's antics must have turned his brain. Goodness! Jabes Cohen, William Slater, and De Remolles all the same man! No wonder he committed suicide. I'm morally certain I should have done the same."

Mr. Codicil steps into a modest and unpretentious looking hired fly and drives slowly to St. Ethelburga. He sees Lady Emmeline in the porch, offers her his arm with his very best bow and most respectful "family interest" manner—hopes dear Lady Templeton likes her park back, and then seems to be saying prayers in his hat, as he kneels in a pew near the chancel.

"Absurd infatuation, this marriage," Mr. Codicil says, crossing his legs, and flipping some invisible dust off the pocket of his blue frock coat. "One thing, it will be very private, but it is sure to be talked of."

"Jasper always would have his own way," Lady Emmeline whispers, lifting her glass to stare at an enormous woman in a draggled black dress, with a yellow neckerchief on her shoulders, and a velvet bonnet that, constantly falling backwards, had to be dragged on by aid of a dirty blue satin string originally used as a garter.

This interesting object has evidently something on her mind. That cold and glassy eye is not inflamed with whiskey; that ruddy—even hectic—glow of complexion is produced by pure mental excitement, and she clenches her fist from time to time in an aggressive manner peculiarly repugnant to the feelings of the harmless pew-opener of that retired church, St. Ethelburga.

"Do you not think that woman to the left of us is a little mad?" Lady Emmeline asks, dropping her glass.

Mr. Codicil, without looking round, merely says:

"Oh! certainly not, my dear lady, or she wouldn't be admitted into a tabernacle of—of—faith."

He himself has little faith. In fact, Mr. Codicil regards the doctrines of the old theologians with the neutral indifference of a man whose soul never craves light or sympathy. Had he not possessed a rabid passion for speculation and money-getting, he must have retired into the form of a human fossil, struggling to prove scientific problems as superior to the passionate life of the religions which have ruled men's minds for ages.

He has no fellowship with the supreme pangs and pains of the soul, nor any respect for a bond or moral obligation. They could be snuffed out, he thought, at will, like tiresome tapers; he finds the dull road is better and more comfortable when ill-lighted and rayless to the end. Raptures and agonies, to Mr. Codicil, are like obsolete words.

Lord Jasper and Eustacia enter the temple, where, at the altar, they will kneel to receive the blessing of the priest ready to make them one. Eustacia, pale and thoughtful, but with quiet firmness, glancing into the face of the man whose features portray the intense excitement of his mood, stands by his side, her hands clasped before her, breathless with an agitation perceived by none.

Never has her beauty shone with so sweet and resplendent a power as when the light, glancing through the stained-glass windows, surrounds

her with its soft effulgent glow. She is looking at a picture of St. Cecilia.

Or in a clear-walled city on the sea,
Near gilded organ pipes, her hair
Wound with white roses, slept St. Cicily,
An angel look'd at her.

Lord Jasper bends his head and whispers a few words into her ear which brings the love-flush like a crimson tide into her cheek. The woman in the yellow neckerchief leaves her seat near the centre aisle and makes signs to a little old man, who, with his companion, a hump-backed woman (who appears unfeignedly frightened of the giants in black), also rise and approach nearer the communion rails. Lady Emmeline shudders as the large woman passes her pew, and nudges Mr. Codicil, whose eyes are fixed in horror and amazement on that lined hand still tagging at the blue satin string.

He nearly swears audibly, but remembering where he is, seizes his hat and buries his face in the lining. The pew-opener mutters: "Like her impudence, indeed," and tells the beadle to keep his eyes open.

The service commences; the mild-eyed clergyman has come to that part of the service when the question is asked:

"If either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in holy matrimony, ye do now confess it; for be ye well assured, that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful."

It is not often any harsh unfriendly voice intervenes in a serial breath to destroy the sacred harmony of the wedding hour. The clergyman starts, and the hand that had touched Lord Jasper's falls to his side with a sudden tremor as the enormous woman, raising herself to her full height, comes behind Lord Jasper and Eustacia, and standing quite close to the bride, calls out, in coarse and strident tones:

"I hereby declare the marriage unlawful, and a sin."

Lord Jasper, turning round, sees the same woman who had brought Eustacia to the Eaton Square mansion the day his father died, the woman whom he knows is in possession of a family secret, and who has been Lady Camelia's attendant. Eustacia does not faint or scream out, but her trembling hand steals into his, and her colourless features make her resemble that fair saint watching her all unmoved from the shadowed recess. The clergyman and the clerk stand petrified with surprise. Mr. Codicil starts to his feet, and his excitement is so great that drops of perspiration stand on his brow. He, too, approaches the altar rails.

Lady Emmeline mutters: "My dream! My dream!" and is borne in a fainting condition from the church.

"By heaven! I knew ther'd be a row," the lawyer cries, thinking of the fatality following the Fitzmaurices.

"What do you mean to imply, woman?" asks the clergyman, horrified at Mrs. Slater's appearance, which is indeed highly discreditable in any place of worship.

"What I say I can maintain and prove. She's his sister! Now will you marry them, old man?"

The insolent exultation and the sarcastic emphasis on the "old man" excites the clergyman's disgust. He believes it is a purely malicious invention.

"If you cannot prove your words you will be punished."

"Here, step up, Mr. R. Miller," cries Mrs. Slater, excitedly, tearing off her yellow scarf. "Ah! you may well look flurried and frightened, Stacey, for I'll do for the pair of ye this time. You've had your day, my dear, and I went to prison; but Mrs. Slater's out on a ticket-o'-leave. What d'ye say to that?" snapping her fingers, "and I took an oath to be avenged on ye. Take off that pretty veil and dress; go on your knees and weep and howl, for it's your brother's kisses."

"Silence, woman; remember where you are; respect the sanctity of the church," the clergy-

man cries, who sees Eustacia reel and almost fall.

Lord Jasper does not doubt but for one moment that the whole affair is an invention. Mr. Codicil says nothing. He is engaged in watching the actions of Robert Miller, a clever attorney who is drawing notes out of a case, and Mr. Codicil knows his colleague is a very nimble-minded and experienced person, one whom it would be very difficult to hood-wink or deceive under any circumstances.

"Heavens! If it should be true, and Eustacia is Lord Jasper's heiress. I shall be called upon to produce the money!" he murmurs, still watching the imperturbable Mr. Miller, who is now speaking.

What Mr. Miller says is very much to the point. He dilates on the importance of the evidence which several witnesses are ready to give, notably that of one Molly O'Flanagan, of the county Louth, Ireland, but lately discovered, and now present in church, O'Flanagan having several letters of Lady Camelia in her possession, one addressed to a certain Mr. Codicil, the family lawyer of Lady Camelia's husband, Lord Jasper Fitzmaurice.

Mr. Codicil tries to breathe here, and strokes his sparse locks with bewildered touch. Lord Jasper has turned deadly pale since Miller has spoken. There is something in the clear utterance and cold enunciation and irresistible logic that strikes terror into his breast. The clergyman shakes his head, and glances pityingly into Lord Jasper's face.

"After Mr. Miller's grave address and assertion, the responsibility of the marriage must be weighed, my lord. I dare not pronounce you man and wife."

"Slater is an impostor and has been a felon; it's a vile attempt to extort money," Mr. Codicil gasps, morally conscious that the assertion is true and that Eustacia is indeed the missing heiress.

"But facts, my dear Codicil, are stubborn things, you know," Mr. Miller answers quietly, smiling at his colleague; "you're the last man living to despise facts."

"Good heavens! you would pretend she is my sister," Lord Jasper cries, longing to strike Miller to the earth.

The clergyman attempts some well-meant consolation.

"The law will prove the worth of their evidence, my lord, do not therefore agitate yourself thus."

Great quivers are passing through Lord Jasper's frame, a wild combat of anguish, despair and passion are rending every fibre of his soul.

Never to hold her to his breast, or feast on the love-light of her smile, or possess the beauty that to hunger after must now be a crime. It is too hard, too bitter, too cruel. His eyes dart a furious and evil light around, he sees Eustacia through a mist of passionate tears; as if in irony the sun at that moment shines out and illumines the altar and chancel, the faces of the saints on the walls and the agitated features of these living human sufferers.

Eustacia glances towards him, sees that wretched and despairing anguish, and stretches out her hands to him with a sharp broken cry: "Brother!"

That word from these pale lips seems like a hideous confirmation of the assertion of the rest. Tears are in the eyes of the aged clergyman as he listens and looks on. Even Mrs. Slater's malice appears sated, for she contents herself by sitting down a little distance off, and fanning herself with a greasy pocket-handkerchief, bears the aspect of a victress.

Eustacia is insensible, the colour has long died off her lips, but this ashen hue foretells syncope. With a passion of despair, he kisses the white hand that will never be his. Her head sinks on his breast.

"She is dying," he cries with a groan. "Ah! sweet sister, if it be indeed true, live, and help me also to live, my fair dove, my poor tortured lily-flower."

He turns with a sob and bears his sister, not

his bride, senseless through the aisle in his arms.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. CODICIL'S VISITORS.

With cautious judge of probabilities
Things deemed unlikely—e'en impossible—
Experience often shows us to be true.

SHAKESPEARE.

AFTER the extraordinary scene and statement in the church of St. Ethelburga, Mr. Codicil wends his weary way homewards towards Clapham in anything but a cheerful frame of mind. His silent anathemas of the Fitzmaurices and their singular and romantic destinies are turning into that accumulated form of hatred only known to those who have injured the weak and trusting who have foolishly confided in their honour.

He is seeing again that melancholy picture of the dying lord calling on his daughter, the girl reared in poverty and wretchedness, now incontestably proved to have been Lord Jasper's heiress and child; he hears the quavering tones in the sick man's voice, and the money entrusted to him, Isaac Codicil, has gone, wasted in fruitless and wicked speculations—wasted through that gambling instinct which has ruined and undermined so many besides himself.

"How am I to find the fifty thousand pounds?" cries Mr. Codicil, his lips white and his breath coming quick and fast. "The girl's friends will demand it of me. Lord Jasper will see to his sister's interests, and I, blundering idiot, miserable self-deceiver, a fraudulent trustee, shall be proved in open court—a swindler—and a thief."

Mr. Codicil groans aloud. How many miserable sinners has he seen manacled and led off to five, ten or fifteen years' penal servitude. How many times has he smiled at their blundering folly, their want of nerve and faith in themselves.

"I must have time," the lawyer mutters; "they won't demand the money of me at once, and there is one chance left. I've had a deuced bad time of it for a long while on the Stock Exchange, and now desperate cases must have desperate remedies. I'll back a horse!"

He remembers how a certain friend of his, one Walter Dixon, a gay, lawless spendthrift, had recouped his bad fortune by winning twenty thousand pounds on the Derby. Clever, merry Walter, who was so elated at his good fortune that he drank himself to death about six months afterwards. Mr. Codicil knows very little about the turf and the ways and customs of "betting men," but he means to do something very wild and reckless now as his last chance.

And he must also give up his nice comfortable, prettily-furnished villa—and alas! the services of Catherine, the indefatigable housekeeper, the good-natured, extravagant, luxurious Catherine, who always believed "Master mean't to be 'ave 'andsome towards a faithful servant in 'is will," must be dispensed with. And Mr. Codicil has a certain dread of this amiable domestic, who understands him so perfectly, and airs his claret and sheets to perfection, and wears nice black silk dresses and a gold watch and chain on Sundays.

"How can I live on six hundred a year at Clapham now?" groans Mr. Codicil, thinking how Walter had backed "the Pigeon," and so mysteriously won that twenty thousand pounds.

It is a truly painful position for a gentleman who has always held his head up in church several inches higher than his neighbours, and as he rings that bell so sweetly embedded in ivory at the "Villa," Mr. Codicil's heart, cold and leathery as it is, sinks very painfully, and he looks aged at least ten years.

Catherine, always prompt and respectful as befits a young woman who rules a villa and its occupant, and receives forty pounds a year for wasting four hundred, sees her master's leaden pallor and draws her own conclusions. Women of this stamp, utterly devoid of imagination,

save perhaps in the matter of eggs for a soufflet, are never deceived by looks.

"Goodness gracious! he's done for at last," thinks Catherine, and is so agitated at the possible consequences she lets the new potatoes burn in the enamelled saucepan without regarding them.

"I've had a dreadful blow. Catherine!" gasps Mr. Codicil, nervously, clutching at his cravat.

"Somebody knocked you down, sir?" asks the practical housekeeper, who hopes Mr. Codicil alludes to personal maltreatment, and has kept his money.

"Which I shall never get over, I'm afraid," he mutters, sinking back into the easy arm-chair he mentally views as "sold."

"Lor', sir! try a linseed meal poultice then. You will get fussing about where you've no business, an' roughs are roughs. Is it on the pit of your stomach?"

Mr. Codicil's small tea-coloured eyes glare at Catherine to such a degree she believes he is temporarily insane.

"You idiot!" he answers, raising himself in the chair, "it's a loss of money, and—and—I must sell the villa and the furniture, and you, Catherine, must get another situation. Oh!—oh!"

Here Mr. Codicil bursts into the first flood of genuine tears he has shed since he was beaten in his extreme youth for stealing preserved ginger with a pair of his mamma's best silver sugar tongs.

Catherine remembers her savings; her handsome sable furs; her high-heeled boots; her numerous black silk dresses; the affection of the butcher, Mr. Sparerib, who has so long sighed at her feet in vain, and forbears reproach.

"Drivelling idiot!" she mutters, resentfully, but for all that she does not believe her master.

Who is the beautiful woman with the golden hair and the elegant and timid manner now sitting in the drawing-room waiting for Mr. Codicil's return? Who could this visitor be, speaking with ill-concealed emotion and palpitating earnestness? Catherine says nothing at present about the lady. She naturally hates ladies, as rivals holding a kitchen in contempt, and allows Mr. Codicil time to be caught, as she thinks, in his own trap.

"So you've lost your money, sir, and will have to see about working for it again?" she says, cautiously. "I've fancied lately you've seemed dissatisfied with me and yer home 'ere."

"Dissatisfied with you, Catherine? Oh, never—never has that thought ever entered my breast. You minister to my every comfort. You forestall my every wish. To be sure I may have thought you a little heavy in—in—gravy-beef lately," Mr. Codicil ends, nervously, "for could I consume sixteen pounds a week, small and weak and thin as I am?"

"But you've 'ad soup!" screams the housekeeper, and can a person make soup without gravy-beef? No, sir! don't tell falsehoods to me, or I may give you something you won't forget. Ah, ah! a blow and a mark as you'll carry to your grave. We poor women 'ave our feelin's like other folks, and when our feelin's are houted, sir!" dancing round the hapless lawyer like a demon ready to hold a pistol at his respectable head, "why, then I say we can speak! Who's a-waitin for ye in the droring-room?"

Mr. Codicil's first thoughts image a policeman, but the jealous spite of the roused Catherine on reflection formulates a woman.

Now Mr. Codicil's acquaintance with the fair sex is, we know, strictly limited; he is a very pious and virtuous person without any wicked coveting after any neighbour's wife. Mr. Codicil's pale lips mutter "Brandy," but Catherine is stolidly indifferent to his wants. Sparerib has indeed made a small fortune out of the villa, but that cold and mean allusion to the gravy beef must ever be an unpardonable sin.

"Who is in the drawing-room?" asks Mr. Codicil, pouring out the brandy.

"Better go and see," says Catherine, insolently. "When I say it's a lady, maybe you'll try and draw yer legs a little quicker after ye."

"Catherine, you've had an excellent place all these years," her master says, reproachfully; "I don't deserve the—"

Tears are rolling down his white cheeks, and he looks a truly piteous sight.

"A lady?" echoes Mr. Codicil, still nervously.

"What lady?"

"As if I should know, indeed! Some pretty widdier you've been an' taken up with, I dessay."

"And yet they say women are ministering angels when pain and anguish wring the brow," he cries, looking piteously around. "Give me my silver snuff-box—yes, and my handkerchief, and I'll go and see who the lady is."

It is needless to say Catherine nimbly follows her master, and after the drawing-room door closes, places her pretty shell-like ear, with its long blue earrings, against the keyhole. She sees the beautiful woman rush wildly towards Mr. Codicil and seize his hand.

"You have come from the wedding?"

It is all she can utter as she glances up at him with agonised speculation.

"Has the old buffer gone and got hisself married, I wonder?" is Catherine's soliloquy.

"Who may I have the honour of addressing, madame?" asks Mr. Codicil, who traces an inexpressible melancholy and pain in the face of the loveliest woman he has ever seen, as she stands before him with beseeching eyes.

Her agitated voice replies:

"The Countess de Remolles?"

He looks at her with a faint tinge of pity. Something of the misery she has suffered is apparent even to him.

"Ah! you are the unhappy lady Lord Jasper—"

She interrupts him with a passionate movement, but with a certain dread of her own weakness.

"Tell me, sir, all the particulars of this unhappy wedding. I have been told you know all and were present. If you knew but one tithe of the agony I have suffered, in finding my existence blighted beyond recall or hope, a mockery, a humiliation, and a disgrace, you will not refuse me some knowledge at least of the man I believed was my husband, and whom I shall ever love with a fatality that will be my death!"

Her whole frame is shaken by her emotion. Mr. Codicil is face to face with the bitterest form of human suffering it has ever been his lot, during his professional career, to meet with. This is love in its most morbid, and therefore its most tragic, form.

"Why should such torture have descended on me?" Stephanie asks, sobbingly. "Whom have I ever injured?—and to lose all, to look into my boy's eyes and picture the time when he, too, will accuse me of cruelty and wickedness towards him; he may live to manhood, but he shall, at least, pity his unhappy mother, and knowing she died broken-hearted, forgive her the wrong she unwittingly brought on his head."

Mr. Codicil admits it is very hard, and administers some well-meant counsel. Catherine has ceased to listen at the keyhole; she believes the countess is one of her master's clients who has got into trouble. He gives Stephanie a brief resumé of the scene in church, to which she listens in horrified amazement, but yet with secret delight.

Who knows but in his sorrow and anguish Lord Jasper may return to her in the future and find in the sweetness of unchangeable love and devotion, a solace elsewhere denied. Is he not a poet, tender-hearted, weak, yearning for sympathy?

And they were happy together once, or at least both had been lulled into false peace. He had seemed satisfied till that terrible moment of awakening. Stephanie has the unreasoning impulses of her race; she is not frivolous, heart-

less, or insincere, but half despairing and wholly broken-hearted.

At that moment the tramp of horse's feet is heard outside, and Lord Jasper himself, pale and haggard, descends from his phaeton. Mr. Codicil has a horrible conviction he has come to make inquiries regarding his father's will. No time; no hope. The moment he has so long dreaded has at last arrived.

"Excuse me, madame, one moment, I must speak to my housekeeper," Mr. Codicil says, in a hard, cold voice.

He sees the grave, handsome face of the man he dreads more than any words could paint, so also does Stephanie, who drops into a chair with a faint moan. Unknown to herself, the azalea she has pinned in her breast falls to the ground; the train of her dress sweeps it on to the well-polished hearth.

Mr. Codicil again seeks Catherine and rushes headlong into the kitchen, where, according to the old adage of "making hay while the sun shines," Catherine is regaling Sparerib, who has called for his account, with some of her master's best ale. At so highly undignified a proceeding on the part of a man viewed as a shining light amid the most advanced in piety of the Claphamites, a vague terror seizes both of those regarding him.

"Send that man away!" roars Mr. Codicil.

The butcher, who is a churchwarden, and has presented a new font to the sanctuary in the "New Road," rises at once, and makes for the door, his face flushed—he is up and out beyond the stone steps in a very short space of time. Mr. Codicil buries his face in his hands, and leaning across the kitchen table, groans out something wholly incomprehensible to his housekeeper.

"I tell you I'm a ruined man!" he cries, lifting his hollow eyes, "aye, and worse than that, I haven't the courage to live and brazen it out. To live and have it thrown up at me, as they will be sure to do, that I'm dishonest and shall be punished. D'ye hear, woman, punished as I've seen other wretches, scores and scores of times, sent to prison."

"Lor', sir, don't be chicken-hearted," says Catherine, appalled at her master's state of mind. "And, oh! who is a-ringin' at that bell fit to break the wire?"

"Let him in," says Mr. Codicil, despairingly. "I must see him; he's bound to find out where I'm hiding. Oh! what an idiot I've been, wasting the money trying to double it, and the girl alive all the time. He'll have no mercy; he knows I never liked him, or did him a good turn with his father. Never helped him out of a scrape, or advanced him a sixpence. What will become of me now?"

What indeed? Fraudulent solicitors are very roughly dealt with, he knows.

"I have betrayed a trust," mutters the wretched man.

Meanwhile Stephanie glides slowly from the house without Lord Jasper having been aware of her presence there at all. Lord Jasper is walking moodily up and down Mr. Codicil's Brussels carpet, his eyes dark and gloomy, and with a certain reckless indifference of manner never before apparent. He sees the azalea on the hearth, but little dreams it has been on the breast of the woman who is dying for love of him. He picks up the flower and fastens it carelessly in the button-hole of his coat. Azaleas are his favourite flowers.

Presently a bowed form presents itself at the door. Lord Jasper is startled at the change which has taken place in Mr. Codicil since the morning. How aged, how worn, how sepulchral his aspect.

"I hardly expected your lordship to-day," Mr. Codicil says, tremblingly, and the hand Lord Jasper presses is icy cold.

"I could not sit at home and think and brood," Lord Jasper answers, "action is necessary under crises. She will live—and I—must bear it."

He sets his teeth hard. Mr. Codicil shivers, expecting the sequel.

"I called to have a word with you, Codicil,"

Lord Jasper says, coldly, "regarding the contents of my father's will and the trust money—the fifty thousand pounds entrusted to you, and of which my sister, Eustacia, is the heiress!"

(To be Continued.)

AN ATHLETE ON NARCOTICS AND THE PHYSIQUE.

WRITING to Mr. A. A. Reade, of Manchester, who had asked his opinion as to the use of alcohol and tobacco in athletic exercises, Mr. Hanlan, dating from Manchester, June 28th, says:

"I have to state that, in my opinion, the best physical performances can only be secured through the absolute abstinence from their use. This is my rule, and I find after three years' constant work at the oar, during which time I have rowed many notable match races, that I am better able to contend in a great race than when I first commenced. In fact, I believe that the use of liquor and tobacco has a most injurious effect upon the system of an athlete—by irritating the vitals, and consequently weakening the system. I eat wholesome food; take regular and moderate exercise, avoid violent exertion, and generally strive to cultivate a cheerful state of mind, in order that sweet sleep may follow my daily work. This embodies, I believe, an answer to your inquiries.

"I am, faithfully yours,

"EDWARD HANLAN,

"Champion Sculler."

NICKNAMES OF BRITISH REGIMENTS.

THE brave but luckless Twenty-fourth are known as Howard's Greens, from their grass-green facings and the name of an officer who led them for twenty years in the last century. It is a popular fallacy to imagine that the Twenty-eighth borrow their designation of the Old Braggs from the exhibition of a spirit of boasting or braggadocio. Bragg was their Colonel from 1734 to 1751, whence the sobriquet. They are also known as the Slashers, but wherefore is uncertain. Some authorities believe they got their title from their nerve and dash at the passage of the River Brunx, in the American War of Independence; others say it arose from a party of the officers having disguised themselves as Indians, and having cut off the ears of a magistrate who had refused quarters to the women of the regiment during the trying winter. The Thirty-first are denominated the Young Buffs, having been mistaken for the Third at the battle of Dettingen.

The whimsical cognomen of the Havercake Lads is conferred on the Thirty-third, from a habit of the Sergeant Snaps of the corps to entice recruits by displaying an oat-cake spitted on their swords. Thirty-fifth used to be termed the Orange Lilies; the Thirty-sixth, the Saucy Greens; the Thirty-eighth the Pump and Tortoise, on account of their sobriety and the slowness of their movements when stationed once at Malta; and the Thirty-ninth, Sankey's Horse, from the circumstance of their having been once mounted on mules on a forced march when commanded by Colonel Sankey; they are also called the Green Linnets, from their pea-green facings. A punning version of its number, XL, namely, the Excellers, is fixed on the Fortieth.

The renowned Forty-two retains its designation of the Black Watch, the independent Scotch companies from which it was formed having been so called on account of their dark tartans. The phrase Light Bobs marks out the Forty-third, albeit it is claimed by all light infantry soldiers. The Forty-fourth swell with natural vanity over their distinctions as the Old Stubbons, gained in the Peninsula. The classical

epithet of the Lacedemonians was an alias of the Forty-sixth, a pedantic officer having harangued his brave boys on the beauties of Spartan discipline while shot and shell were flying round. It would be hard to discover the forty-seventh under its cognomen of the Cauliflowers; and assuredly no friend of the gallant Fiftieth would ever dream of referring to it either as the Blind or the Dirty Half Hundred. Similar to the Excellers in the mode of origin of their sobriquet are the Kolis, as the Fifty-first are called from the initials of the title, King's Own Light Infantry. "Die hard, my men, die hard," cried the heroic Inglis to the Fifty-seventh at Albuera, and ever since the plucky West Middlesex is the Die Hards.

CLARA LORRAINE;

—OR—

THE LUCKY TOKEN.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning Clara Lorraine awoke with the same elasticity of feeling that was natural to her happy, buoyant nature. Again, for a few moments she looked about her bleak chamber in bewilderment; for her sleep had been so sound, her dreams of her country home so vivid, that when she opened her eyes she could not but fancy her new life a dream, and the dream a reality.

It needed but a second to recall her to herself, and with a sigh half of regret and half of resignation she arose and began dressing. Her aunt's conduct was a puzzle to the unsophisticated girl.

"Why should Aunt Eugenia suspect me of such deception and why does she treat me so unkindly?" she thought. "I have done nothing to injure her. Yesterday I thought she had opened her heart to me, her words were so kind, but at dinner she seemed to have forgotten it all, and to be more severe than ever. Why could she not believe me when I explained how innocently I met that strange gentleman—that Mr. Earnshaw, I think they called him? The blushes which their suspicions brought to my cheek were mistaken for guilt, and I fear I can never rid them of that false impression. I wish I had not gone out. I wish I had never met the man. Yet, why should I be vexed with him? For certainly he is as innocent of all harm as myself, and his pleasant face, refined bearing and cheerful talk were most welcome to me."

She stopped her more connected train of thought and fell to musing upon that accidental rencontre. The handsome yet serious face of Earnshaw; his frank, kind eyes; his deferential, chivalric manner, were all recalled by the young girl with peculiar pleasure; for such is the freemasonry of true refinement and culture that persons so endowed recognise an affinity even at a distance.

The wish at last entered Clara's heart that she might meet her kind conductor again, and she smiled in anticipation of another interview as she remembered his parting words. No foolish sentiment prompted this wish, for to her Earnshaw was nothing but a pleasant acquaintance, whose soothing presence made her forget for a time the trials which perplexed her mind and heart. So she resolved that if he ever called at the house she would sun herself in the light of his presence, as she would have done in that of a brother.

The full import of her aunt's bitter words had not dawned upon her mind, else she would not have been so light-hearted and hopeful. Fortunately her retired existence had been a shield which protected her from worldly influences, and her innocence, like a well-tested armour, was not easily pierced.

Clara knew that the hour was still too early for the other members of the family to be astir, so, after dressing, she busied herself in carrying

into execution her plans for making her bare room look a little more comfortable.

The disorderly condition of her trunk when she opened it that morning made her guess that its contents had been inspected by some other eyes than her own, and at first she opined that the ever active Lina had been the intruder; but a second thought convinced her that such could not have been the case, else she would have heard something of it from the irrepresable child.

She pursued the matter no further, for in truth it was an affair of little consequence to her, yet she resolved to keep her few possessions under lock and key in the future.

Cécile, in her hurried, clandestine rummaging had overlooked many things in the orphan's trunk which at a more leisurely moment she might have stopped to admire, for Clara now drew forth a portfolio filled not only with bright pressed sunnyside and maple leaves, but also with long sprays of tender green maiden-hair and other varieties of ferns, besides pencilings of decided merit, and delicate water-colours which displayed much more than ordinary ability.

These, with the hand of an artist, the young girl arranged skilfully upon the bare walls of the room, and as she worked the place seemed to take upon itself a glow of colour which cheered the eye and warmed the heart of the gentle magician who wrought the change.

From her trunk also Clara presently drew forth some fine linen toilet covers embroidered with her mother's initials, once belonging to that mother's rich bridal trousseau. These covers were among the few articles which had survived the steady sacrifice which the necessities of mother and daughter made obligatory, for sooner than apply for aid to strangers, or neglected relatives, the deceased Mrs. Lorraine would have parted with the very bed upon which she lay.

It was with a reverent hand that Clara drew forth these fine pieces of linen. She had hoped to treasure them as sacred mementos, and to preserve them from use and wear; but her heart longed for tender companionship, and in these relics of past happiness she felt that she could find some solace. She placed one of them, therefore, over her diminutive bureau, and the others she laid across the head of the bed, thereby covering the small, shabby pillows, and giving a neater appearance to her little couch.

She next turned her attention to her bare, curtainless window, and again the despised little black trunk was called upon to contribute something towards its embellishment. The dotted muslin dress, of which Clara had before thought, was brought forth and breadths measured off for a curtain.

The inexperienced upholsterer knit her brows in perplexity as she discovered that they fell short of the necessary length. She laid them out upon the floor, and then looked helplessly back at the window, which, in the most barefaced manner, seemed absolutely to refuse to accommodate itself to scant material.

"A seam right across the middle of each curtain will never do at all," she murmured. "A great, bleak window like that is bad enough, but it is at least a legitimate structure, whereas a shabby curtain would look like an awkward failure."

She was tempted, after various unsuccessful measurements and fittings, to toss the muslin back into her trunk and give up in despair, but instead she addressed herself once more to the task, saying resolutely, as if the fabric had been a human creature:

"Come now, you mustn't be so obstinate! You're going up at that window, and you're going up properly too. We won't have any ugly seams or any other bad behaviour. If people can't do what they like, they must do what they can."

She sprang from the floor where she had been kneeling over her work, for a bright thought struck her, and flying to that wonderfully inexhaustible trunk again, she brought forth "the poor gown with its most abominable trimming," of which Cécile had spoken.

Its appearance really did justify the Frenchwoman's condemnation, for, of a plain, ugly colour itself, it was made worse by a trimming of coarse lace altogether unsuited to the stuff.

It was not a dress of Clara's own taste or manufacture, but was one which had been presented her by her kind friend, Mrs. Digby, who, from her dead daughter's wardrobe, had brought forth this "wrapper" as a parting gift for the orphan.

In her fond eyes the dress was eminently suited to the wants of a young lady going forth into fashionable society, for, as she expressed it: "My poor Carry was fond of nice things and knew what was what."

This gorgeous dress was far from being despised by Clara, for, though she never thought of wearing it, as a gift it had a value of its own. Yet she considered it no slight to either gift or giver to make a different use of it from what was intended.

In a few moments she had ripped off the coarse lace and insertion with which it was profusely trimmed, and a short time thereafter the ugly seam was made to appear like an intentional part of the curtain, for she joined the deficient breadths with a strip of the insertion; the lace edging served as a trimming across the bottom and down the sides, and ere long a handsome curtain had been fashioned exactly according to the prevailing mode.

The work took time, but it was not a difficult task after the way in which it was to be done had been hit upon, and the breakfast hour allowed of its accomplishment. Only one thing else remained to be effected, but that involved a greater outlay of time and effort than could that morning be expended.

As long as Clara could keep her eyes fixed upon the walls of her room she was tolerably contented with her attic chamber, but when they fell upon the stained and broken matting she almost despaired. Yet she cheered herself by another glance at window and wall, and hoped for some inspiring suggestion regarding the floor.

The hour had now come for her to seek the breakfast-room. She could no longer linger in a place which she already began to look upon as more homelike than the luxurious rooms below; but she bravely turned to leave it to encounter the events of the day.

She looked back into the chamber as she reached the door, and a satisfied smile stole over her face, so easily is youth made happy by successful effort.

"My poor little trunk looks like a great black beetle over there against the wall," she laughingly murmured. "I must alter that a little before I go down."

She took a bright plaid shawl, an article of her wardrobe little in keeping with her mourning dress, but forced into service because its owner could not afford to buy another, and this she folded in the fashion of a table-cover and spread it over the trunk which she tilted up on end. Upon this improvised stand she put the few books she had brought with her and the little rustic frame containing her mother's picture.

"What a nice wife I would make for some poor but honest man," she cheerily said, as she again surveyed the effect of her work with a satisfied air. "In truth I very much wish I were already such, for I sadly need some old pantaloons and coats to cut up into mats and rugs to cover this ill-looking floor. A rug now such as I could make out of the skirt of an old coat to put before the bed, and another pieced in stripes out of the best parts of an old pair of pantaloons, and both trimmed around the edges with strips cut from discarded red flannel wrappers would look very nicely before the bureau. But dear me," she added, "one can't have everything, and I must devise some other way of getting the rugs."

She shut the door upon these attractive thoughts, for attractive indeed they were, as every woman knows who loves the spot she calls "home," and whose nature prompts her to make that spot pleasant to eye as well as to heart.

Many an attic may be made more charming than the most luxurious drawing-room, even though that drawing-room may contain priceless treasures of art, and though it may be presided over by titled lord and lady.

It is the gentle hand and the warm heart of the mistress of a home which makes it attractive and not the *carte blanche* which may be given the upholsterer.

A plant set in a sunny window gives more true pleasure than one of Canova's statues, and a bright fire upon a clean swept hearth attracts the eye and warms the heart more than one of Raphael's Madonna's.

A home, be it mansion or chamber, thus lighted and cheered would ever be left with regret did not the thought of return animate him who went forth.

Thus it was with Clara Lorraine as she closed the door of her chamber behind her and went forth to meet her uncle's family.

She felt her heart grow heavy and her recent cheerfulness grow strangely chill as step by step she neared the precincts of the breakfast-room. Yet she struggled resolutely against this feeling.

Her life had been cast among these uncongenial relatives by Providence, and she would do what she could to make them like her. Her influence, she knew, was slight, but such as it was it should be exercised in the right direction.

The thought of her connection with Lina was most perplexing, but she resolved to do her best by the child, and if she failed once to try again.

To her uncle she somehow looked for support in the undertaking, for he alone of all the family seemed the most ready to stand her friend. He did not altogether inspire her with confidence, but by comparison he was kind.

When she entered the dining-room she found it, as she thought, empty. Her uncle had evidently already eaten and gone, for his chair was pushed away from the table and his rumpled napkin lay beside his plate.

John, the servant, who usually waited at the family meals, started guiltily as the door opened, for to the neglect of his duty he was comfortably seated in his master's chair before the fire reading the morning paper. When, however, he saw it was only Clara who entered, he recovered his usual confidence and said:

"Oh, miss, I thought it might be Mrs. Lorraine or Miss Mabel."

The man had already made himself so disagreeable to Clara that she paid no heed to his words.

"Has your mistress breakfasted?"

"No, miss, she always breakfasts in her own room."

"Has Miss Mabel been down?"

"No, miss, we never expect her until ten or eleven."

Clara glanced at the clock and saw it was only nine.

"Where is Miss Lina?"

"Gone out with James, I think."

"Mr. Lorraine has breakfasted and gone, I judge."

"Yes, miss."

Clara seated herself at the table and desired the servant to bring her a cup of coffee. He obeyed in a slow, uncivil manner, and after depositing the cup beside her plate was about moving back to his seat before the fire.

"Pass me the rolls," said Clara, "and oblige me by cutting me a slice of the cold meat."

The young girl's tone was like that of a person certain of instant obedience, yet in truth she was inwardly disquieted, for the man's insolent manner offended her in the extreme.

She knew no other method of dealing with him than by holding him to his place by commands, but at the same time she knew she was powerless to enforce her authority should he refuse to recognise it.

John looked at her for a moment with indecision.

It was not his intention to wait upon this "young person" as he waited upon the other members of the family, if he could help it. His conversations with his fellow-servants in the kitchen had pledged him to a different line of conduct.

The rolls and the meat were within the young person's reach, why could she not help herself? She had probably been used to it elsewhere and she needn't put on airs here. Besides, the police notes in the morning's paper were particularly interesting; some of his acquaintances figured therein and—

"John!"

The man was startled out of his insolent reverie by the young girl's voice. He looked at her kindling eye, and mechanically obeyed the direction of her finger.

The rolls were passed; the cold meat was cut and served; other dishes were dutifully and properly set before the young lady's plate, and when all was done he stood irresolutely by her side.

The paper, with its exciting criminal record, made him think that he had been recreant to the declaration of independence which had been promulgated in the kitchen, and he stepped forward to resume his master's chair. Clara glanced up at him.

"Does my uncle allow you to sit in his easy chair and use his papers?" she calmly asked, emphasising her relationship.

"No, miss," the man replied, somewhat abashed.

"Then remain standing where you are," she said, haughtily, "or, since I shall not need your services for the present, you can leave the room."

Wondering at his own fall from the insolent grace with which he arrayed himself, the man obeyed, leaving Clara at liberty to finish her breakfast quietly by herself.

"I may be obliged to bear the unkind words of my aunt and cousins," she thought. "Duty to my uncle, and my own self-respect, will keep me from arraying myself against them; but if I can help it, I will not submit to insolence from a servant. I hope I may never forget that domestics are entitled to the same kind treatment which we accord to our equals, but when one steps out of his place to disparage and annoy a person who has never injured him, it is time he should be brought back to his duty."

Clara had nearly finished her breakfast when Lina, flushed and boisterous with outdoor exercise, came into the room.

"Hillo, Clara!" she cried, coming noisily toward the table.

She pushed her father's chair over upon the floor in her eagerness to reach her own place, and never stopping to pick it up, she proceeded to help herself in a most helter-skelter way to everything there was before her.

"Ring the bell for John!" she cried, performing the duty herself, however, in a most furious manner. "John," she exclaimed, as the man entered the room, "come, hurry up! Be lively now, and give me something to eat. I'm as hungry as a bear!"

The servant, with as much servility as though his master spoke, came forward to obey.

"Pick up your heels livelier!" shouted the child, who evidently, during her morning walk, had made some additions to her vocabulary of slang. "Give me some wine first, for I'm as cold as a toad, and must have something warming. James offered me some lager when I was out, but I haven't learned to drink that yet."

Clara looked at her young cousin with an aching heart as she tossed off the glass of wine which the man obediently brought her. Not even Mr. Lorraine himself could have taken the liquor with such unflinching relish.

"What's the matter with you, Miss Country?" demanded Lina, setting down the empty glass with a smack on her lips. "I'm glad I got the wine down quick; if I hadn't your glum looks would have turned it sour!" and the child laughed as she thought how successfully she had brought into her own conversation a joke she had heard only half an hour before.

From out the side of her eye Clara could see

that John was covertly encouraging the child by a repressed smile and by an occasional nod of approval.

"Where have you been this morning, Lina?" she asked.

"Been? Oh, James and I went out to do some errands and we've had larks! We went first to market, and then he went around to see some friends and I went with him. I tell you—" she went on, with her mouth half full—"James is a nobby fellow! He's got a cousin in that great club-house down here on the terrace."

"Did you go the club-house with him?" asked Clara.

"Yes; why not? I've always wanted to go there, and now I've been. I tell you, Cal, it's a hunky place."

"Oh, Lina!—Lina! Pray don't use such words. You're much too nice a girl."

"Oh, pshaw! that's nothing. I know lots of other words worse than that. I think hunky's just the word you want to use sometimes."

"Did you ever hear your mother use it, or any other lady?"

"Bother ladies," retorted Lina. "I don't want to be a lady."

"You can't mean that. I hoped every little girl hoped to be a lady."

"But I don't, I tell you."

"Why not?"

"Good reason enough. Ladies never have a good time. They sit up prim and straight, and they lisped," mimicked the child; "and they tell each other stories they don't believe, and they never ride fast, and they never go to club-houses like I did this morning."

John put his napkin to his face to hide a grin, and the little girl, looking up and seeing his amusement, replied to it by a wink.

Clara was shocked.

"Have you been helped to everything you want?" she asked.

Lina nodded.

"Then John need wait no longer?" and she signed to the man to withdraw.

"Lina," she said, when they were alone, "I thought you went to school?"

"So I do."

"But look at the clock. 'It's already long past the hour for school to begin.'"

"I shan't go to-day."

"Do you stay out whenever you have a mind?"

Lina nodded, for her mouth was too full to allow her to speak.

"How would you like to say your lessons at home?" continued Clara, drawing gradually nearer the true object of her conversation.

Lina did not hasten her reply. She looked curiously at her cousin for a second or two before she answered shrewdly:

"I might try, I suppose."

"There are a great many times when you don't know what to do with yourself, are there not?" resumed Clara, who, interested in the poor little truant, hoped to win her way to her confidence.

"No, there ain't, either. I always find something to do."

The well-intentioned questioner was non-plussed.

"Do you know how to sew? Who makes your dolly's clothes?" she next asked.

Lina laughed to herself as she tore apart the bones of a bit of cold chicken.

"I guess you'd ask if you could see 'em," she cried. "James says they look like orphans; but whatever that means I don't know."

"An orphan is a child that has neither father nor mother," explained Clara. "Should you not feel sorry if you were one?"

"No," was the prompt reply.

"Why, Lina! What a strange thing to say! Wouldn't you indeed feel sorry if your father and mother were to die?"

"No, I would not," returned Lina, emphatically.

"Lina, you surprise and shock me!"

"Well, what did you ask me for, then? If mamma and papa should die I could keep house

here with James, and ride with him every day, and go out of the front door, too, and not have all the trouble of sneaking out to the corner to wait for him."

"Don't you think it would be better for you to ride with your mother and Mabel, and not go off on the sly with James?"

"Mamma and Mab won't have me. They say I'm too noisy and won't keep still. This is the way they ride" and throwing herself back in her chair Lina imitated the languid manner in which fashionable ladies loll back upon their carriage cushions.

"Lina," said Clara, making another effort, "how would you like to come into the library with me now with your books, and let us look them over together."

Lina made a grimace.

"I hate that old library," she said. "Papa always takes me in there when he whips me."

"Well, then, how would you like to come up into my room? We can be very quiet there, and have a nice time all by ourselves."

The little girl, who by this time had finished her breakfast, seemed to regard the proposition with favour. Accordingly the two cousins arose to go thither, the younger little dreaming that thus she was, in a manner, caught in the net of a governess.

(To be Continued.)

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

MR. IRVING'S annual benefit at the Lyceum took place on Friday and Saturday. On Friday evening the performance included the first act of "King Richard III.," fourth act of "Richelieu," fourth act of "Charles I.," the third act of "Louis XI.," third act of "Hamlet," terminating with the play scene, and Kenny's farce of "Raising the Wind." On Saturday evening (last night of the season), W. G. Wills' play of "Eugene Aram" was presented, followed by "Raising the Wind."

THE great and deserved popularity of "Madame Favart" at the Strand has in no way diminished.

THE "Beaux's Stratagem" will be produced in September at the Imperial Theatre, with a cast comprising Miss Litton, Mr. Farren, Mr. Ryder, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Mr. Kyle Bellew.

THE Court Theatre will open under the experienced and courteous management of Mr. Wilson Barrett about the middle of September. Mr. Coghlan, who has just returned from the United States, will be a member of Mr. Barrett's company, together with Mr. Anson, Miss Heath, and Miss Amy Roselle.

MRS. BATEMAN will open Sadler's Wells, which has been entirely redecorated and remodelled, on September 20th with "Rob Roy." Mr. Walter Bentley will play Rob Roy; Mr. Lyons, Bailie Jarvie; and Miss Bateman Helen Macgregor.

AT the Prince of Wales's the new play adapted from Sardou, will be produced on September 27th.

AT the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, the announcement of Mr. J. E. Emmet's return visit with his "New Fritz" was hailed with the liveliest satisfaction, and the reception accorded to him was of the most gratifying character. He has with him, generally speaking, a most efficient company.

AT the Theatre Royal, Brighton, Mrs. Chaff's third summer season has been inaugurated by Mr. Charles Reade's specially organised company for the first presentation in the Provinces of "Drink," the production being under the management of Mr. Harry Jackson.

THE Prince of Wales's Theatre, Glasgow, has been reopened under the management of Mr. W. Sydney, after having been closed for most

extensive alterations and repairs. Looking at the brilliant appearance of the house on the first evening, it was difficult to realise that in a short time such a marvellous change could have been effected. The play "Auld Lang Syne," which formed the principal item of the evening's entertainment, served to introduce some old Glasgow favourites. The concluding farce, "A Roland for an Oliver," was smartly and humorously performed.

AT the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, the success of "Carmen" has proved most satisfactory in every respect. Orchestral hitches have entirely disappeared, and M. Bizet's opera is performed with a smoothness which gives increased zest to the enjoyment of this undoubtedly clever and original work. Crowded houses have been the invariable rule since the first performance of the opera, and there has apparently been one opinion as to the artistic excellence of every one concerned in the performance, both before and behind the scenes.

LU-LU, the famous gymnast, who, with "Ala," has been fulfilling a prolonged and highly successful engagement at the Winter Gardens, Blackpool, enters on a series of performances at the Westminster Aquarium on Monday, September 15th. This will be Lu-Lu's first appearance in London in his true character as a male gymnast.

"THE Black Flag; or, Escaped from Portland," will be Mr. T. G. Clark's next novelty at the New Grecian Theatre. It has been specially written for the company by Mr. Henry Pettitt.

DURING the coming autumn there are to be Promenade Concerts at Her Majesty's as well as at Covent Garden, and it is said that an offer to rent Drury Lane for the same purpose has been made.

THE Oxford Music Hall continues to be well patronised, owing principally to the excellent manner in which it is conducted.

THE Sun Music Hall, Knightsbridge, is well worth a visit. One may be sure of a good entertainment here. Mr. Williams sparing no expense to render the hall attractive. Many shining lights in the comic world may be heard, amongst others the inimitable Arthur Lloyd and Macdormott. We were very much amused with a sketch by the Brothers Cawthorne.

THE Hall by the Sea, Margate, ably conducted by Mr. A. Revere, is extensively patronised by those visitors who can enjoy a quiet evening's entertainment. After the concert, the hall is cleared for the votaries of Terpsichore, the experienced Mr. Chapman acting as M.C. Attached to the hall are well laid out gardens, wherein is to be seen not only "all the fun of the fair," but a choice collection of wild animals, forming a menagerie of no mean order.

TEMPERANCE MUSIC HALLS.—A correspondent writes: "A company is in process of formation having for its object the establishment of Music Halls, the special features of which will be the substitution of non-intoxicating drinks for those usually sold in such places, and also such a supervision of the entertainment given as shall free the programme from the unworthy style of song and other attractions offered in too many of the existing halls. The council will include many influential names, those of the Right Hon. Cowper-Temple, the Dean of Westminster, Mrs. Cowper-Temple, Lady Rose Weigall, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Carl Rosa, Mr. F. D. Mocatta, Rev. Stopford Brooke, the Marchioness of Lothian, Mr. Ernest Hart, Mr. Corney Grain, and several other ladies and gentlemen. It is proposed to begin operations as soon as capital enough has been subscribed by opening one large Music Hall in a suitable part of London."

INLAND Post Cards are to be introduced into India.

M. GOUNOD has sold the score of his new work, "Tribute de Zamora" for £2,000 for the first representation, £1,000 on the 50th, and £1,000 on the 75th, in all £4,000.

SCIENCE.

RESEARCHES IN MAGNETISATION.

IT is known that in making permanent magnets the steel is first hardened and then magnetised, because, though in hard steel the temporary magnetism is somewhat less, its fixation is more certain. After it was proved that where steel is heated to a dark red the temporary magnetism it may acquire continuously increases, the idea naturally arose that very powerful permanent magnets might be got by magnetising during the very process of hardening. Experiments have repeatedly been made in this direction, but they have been hardly decisive, and lately Herr Holtz has investigated them more thoroughly. His method was to get two steel bars as similar as possible, heat them to a bright red glow, then quench one of them directly, and the other after, and while a magnetising force acted on it.

This magnetising force was provided in two ways—viz., either from an electro magnet or from a magnetising coil (which was suitably projected from the water). The first quenched bar was then subjected to the same magnetising force, and the magnetism of the two bars was then measured by the method of oscillations. Some 500 magnetisations were thus performed on 170 bars; and the general result is that magnetisation during hardening gives superior results only conditionally. The advantage of it decreases with increasing strength of the magnetising force and thickness of bar. The method may give magnets six times as strong as those got by the ordinary method, but this only with an extremely weak magnetising force. With a force from three Grove elements through a coil of 600 turns, and a bar 6 mm. thick, the advantage was already on the side of the old method. Herr Holtz concludes that magnetisation during hardening offers no real advantage in practice. From experiments lately made by M. Jamin, it appears that a given current sent through a coil communicates to a bar within the coil much less magnetism when the bar is further enclosed in an iron tube than when bar and tube are placed alongside each other; and that, at the same time, the tube takes a greater magnetism in the former case than in the latter. M. Jamin further operated with two concentric tubes, each 3 mm. thick, and he found that this thickness of 6 mm. of iron was sufficient to arrest almost completely the magnetic effect of the exterior spiral, showing the great magnetic impenetrability of iron.

THE ORIGIN OF MINERAL-VEINS

SO much obscurity hangs over the history of mineral-veins, that any contribution to the subject is welcome. Mr. J. A. Phillips, whose opportunities of observation have been unusually wide, has lately contributed to the Geological Society a paper in which he calls attention to the similarity between the modern deposits of certain hot springs and the deposits in many mineral-veins. At the Steamboat Springs, in Nevada, and at Sulphur Bank, in California, the process of vein-making may be seen going on under our very eyes. Silica is in course of deposition, in some cases colloidal, or chalcedony, and in other cases crystallised, with all the characteristic of ordinary vein-quartz. Metallic minerals, such as cinnabar and gold, are likewise deposited from these fumaroles and hot springs; in fact, the similarity of the deposits to those of many mineral-veins is so complete as to suggest that the conditions of formation must have been similar in the two cases. In the famous Comstock lode, for example, there is abundance of water still circulating in the vein, and having in the lowest workings as high a temperature as 157 deg. F. The heat is regarded by Mr. Phillips as a lingering vestige of volcanic activity rather than the result of any chemical action which may be going on in the vein.



[SHATTERED.]

A BROKEN IDOL.

A MAN closely wrapped to keep out the penetrating dampness of the night air stood watching a fast receding train plunging out into the blackness beyond. It gave one final shriek, and gradually disappeared in the gathering fog, leaving him, Carroll Marston, standing alone on the damp little platform serving as a station at Harlowe.

"Confound it!" he cried, impatiently. "All Milly's fault! She always has so much to tell me at the very last moment, when I'm in a particular hurry. Last train to-night," glancing at his watch. "Shan't be able to go now until morning."

And closing his watch with a fierce click, he paused to light a cigar before proceeding. The flaming match would have shown to an observer the handsome, patrician face of a man about thirty. An honest face it was, one that once seen would never be forgotten—a face that many women had learned to love and trust. He buttoned his coat still higher about him before venturing out into what seemed an impenetrable wall of fog.

It must have been one o'clock, and the last light had long died out, as he picked his way along Harlowe's deserted streets. All was silent. No sound came to his ears but the steady, monotonous drip, drip of the water from the

leaves, and the rustling made by the wind as it stirred the leaves in the tree-tops.

He hastened on, so oppressive became the silence, finally pausing at a stone gateway, and hurrying up the gravelled walk. Just then the fog was vanishing into thin air, and the moon, bursting from behind a cloud, shone down with mellow light on the surrounding picturesque scene.

Carroll had long ago become oblivious to the many beauties of his home, but to a stranger it seemed like an ideal spot, existing only in romance; a place apart from the world, where the turmoil of daily life could never penetrate.

The winding paths were surrounded with flowering hedges and over-arching trees, while from every turn of the way peeped out from the thick shrubbery rare statues of nymphs, while here and there a playing fountain added its music to the songs of birds.

No birds sang now as Carroll walked moodily along; only the splashing of the fountains in their marble basins was heard, and the chirping of the tree-toads.

At a sharp turn of the path the house itself came into view, bursting upon you like a palace reared by magic fingers. The result of long travels of the owner showed itself in the architecture. Carroll had taken quite a fancy to a wild old Norman castle in his wanderings, and had reproduced it in Marston Hall.

He paused for a moment, dreading to break the death-like stillness that pervaded the place. The moon had just drifted from a group of

clouds, and lit up with a softened tint the turrets and towers of the mansion, causing them to glisten like gems with the raindrops. Carroll's eyes sought involuntarily a window in the second story; a light burned there. Against the white muslin curtain stood out in strong outline the figure of a woman, his wife.

"Awake yet, eh?" he thought to himself, with a smile. "When a woman is reading a novel that is interesting, both the time! Here's Milly wearing out the light of her dear eyes over some improbable trash."

Hark! what sound was that which caused him to shrink back into the shadow of a neighbouring tree, and listen breathlessly? Tramp, tramp, came the sound. What, somebody walking in the grounds at that hour? No, it could not be. Again the grinding sound of gravel, pressed beneath a heavy boot, was wafted by the night air to his listening ears.

The cause of the sound drew nearer and nearer, almost brushing Carroll in passing. The figure of a man advanced stealthily toward the house. He paused for a moment to look cautiously around. The light of the moon fell full upon him, giving a clear view of his face. A youthful figure, dressed in seedy clothes of a once flashy description, a slouched hat worn jauntily on one side, a pipe between his teeth, everything about the man stamping him as a rowdy, if nothing more. What did he want? Had he come there to steal? If not, what then was his object?

These and many other thoughts flashed through Carroll's busy brain as he shrank still deeper into the shadow, keeping his eyes fixed on the intruder.

For a moment only the man stood silent in thought, then stopped to pick up something, and moved toward the house until he stood in front of the lighted window; his gaze seemed fixed on the dark figure outlined against the curtain.

"I'll swear that's her; she alluz held her head proud-like," he whispered, audibly, then raised his arm. Carroll saw that he held a pebble in his hand.

A terrible suspicion seemed to dawn upon him, that his better nature tried in vain to banish. The light in Milly's window, so unusual at so late an hour! This strange man, who was trying to attract her attention!

He had neither known nor cared for her antecedents when he married her. Her past had been to him a blank. He loved her, that was enough; what cared he for what she had been? "Heaven forgive me if I do her an injustice!" he murmured, as he leaned heavily against the tree for support; for somehow a mist was coming before his eyes.

Soon calmness returned; as yet nothing had been proved, only surmised; the man might be, as first supposed, only a thief.

The fog had all disappeared now; the whole scene lay bathed in moonlight; a picture it formed to have delighted the eye of an artist. The man cast up the pebble straight at the lighted window, but no response came from the inmate.

"Hang it, she don't seem over anxious to see me! This 'un, I guess, will fetch her!" he said, with an oath, as he stopped to pick up a large stone, and again raised his arm.

The stone never went to its mark. Carroll, who had crept up silently during the man's soliloquy, now leaped upon him; a hand closed upon his throat like a vice.

His face became black under the strong grasp, his eyes protruded from their sockets, a queer, gurgling sound came from his throat; he was choking. Carroll saw it, and released him. What would the man's death profit him? For a moment both were silent—Carroll glaring at the prostrate man, who lay gasping on the sod where he had been thrown, his eyes rolling wildly around. There seemed no recognition between them.

"Now what have you to say for yourself?" said Carroll in an excited tone, standing over the prostrate man. "What are you doing here at this hour of the night! It's for no good, I'll

warrant! Come, speak up, or I'll—" shaking him by the collar.

"Say, stop that, mister! What air ye up to! I ain't did nothin'! Yer might be more gentle with a visitor," with a broad grin. "But I bears ye no ill will, stranger; there's me hand on it," extending a grimy paw. "I'll allow ye did rayther give me shock, but, as the boys used to say, I allus wuz great on forgiving."

"That's not answering my question; what are you doing in these grounds? You are not after any good."

"No, pard, yer right; ye've trumped my trick; I'm after her," pointing with his thumb towards the house, "so I suppose I'm not after any good," chuckling to himself. "Say, mister, ye've been kind enough to ask me, in a very forcible manner, what I wuz a-doing here; may I ax ye what ye are a-doing here? This here's no better place for me than for you. Now don't get riled! I wuz only joking. I see now how it is; you're her—" pointing toward the house.

"Her what?" said Carroll, in a thundering voice.

"Her partner, bill-payer, keeper, banker; she wrote me she had another. Now don't get yer dander up!" said the man, coolly, his bright eyes twinkling with evident relish.

"Wrote to you, you scoundrel? You're tipsy! Do you mean," seizing him again by the collar, and pointing to the window in the second story, now dark, "do you mean my wife wrote to such as you? Bah!" turning away in disgust.

"I knowed ye couldn't cool down and listen quietly. Ye're her husband, then? Wal, I'm right glad on it; she might a-raked in a worse 'un."

"Thank you," said Carroll, with a sneer.

"I'll tell ye how it was. I came here—it was to see her."

"Her?"

Carroll staggered back; no, it could not be.

"It was for money I come," the man went on; "I only got a hundred when I left her; it's all gone now. Maybe you, mister, will give something to hush the matter up a bit. Maybe it ain't nice for to have a stranger for ever follering yer wife; I don't know—I was never married," with a leer that Carroll, deep in thought, failed to notice.

His wife had given this man money! She had a past, then, and he belonged to it. What if the man should be her husband? No, he was too young; perhaps her brother.

He turned a quick, searching glance on the upturned, mocking face. The man seemed to divine his passing thoughts.

"No, I'm not her husband; I'm a relation of yourn, though ye didn't know ye was going to get me when ye married. I'm a sorter premium given away. I'm only her son. Ah! ye wouldn't been as anxious to marry if ye'd seen yer step-son. This is how it all came about. Ye knew, right afore ye married her, we had been living quiet like all by ourselves, until she met you; then I was in the way, and I got a hundred to git, and I struck out for 'Meriky, where it flew away in no time. Sence then I've hung around anywheres, until I worked my way back to look up my banker, so here I am, money all gone, credit N. G., London too hot for me, 'Meriky ditto; that's how I stand; how do you like it?"

Carroll had been listening intently like one in a dream; his brain seemed whirling. This vagrant his wife's son! He groaned at the thought, and turned his head away.

"Ye don't like my looks? Well, I don't feel bad; I never have been appreciated—genius never is. All I want out of you is enough dust to carry me through; but if ye prefer my company I'll become a member of the family, and I'll agree to slick up a bit, though I don't know how it would look to have a step-son coming round so late in the day. You can say I've been travelling for my health—I'm not particular what."

Something must soon be done. Carroll knew the man must be got rid of quietly. Milly might awake at the unwonted noise; it was now near

morning. He had decided on what course to pursue. He would settle all this man's claims quietly; Milly should never know but what he was still abroad. The calm surface of her life should not be dimmed if it could be helped. If she was in the wrong, time alone would show. He censured himself for ever having once doubted her.

"Hark you," said Carroll, in a decided voice.

"What proof have you that you are her son? A game like this has been tried before."

"Steady, pard, till you've seen my hand; I've yet to throw my best trump; there it is," handing Carroll a well-worn letter.

He examined it eagerly. Yes, there could be no doubt about it. "My dear son," it began; undeniably it was written by Milly. Then came the signature, "Emilie Merry." No longer was there room for suspicion.

"How much do you want?" he said as calmly as possible, for something about the man made Carroll feel like rushing at him and strangling him. "How much? You must never come here again; when you want for money it will be sent to you. If I see you prowling around here, I'll shoot you as I would a dangerous cur." And Carroll, saying this, looked as if he meant it. "What do you say? Where can I find you?" in an imperative voice.

"My handle's Jack Merry, stranger," drawled the man. "There's where I put up," taking out a dirty card.

Carroll read with difficulty by the moonlight the scrawling letters forming the name: "Jack Merry, care of Job Thorn, Rickets Building, Dornton."

"You'll find anything'll reach me there; for the present, plank down fifty pounds. No notes—I might have trouble in changing 'em. That's it. Now no one'll know but what I'm still in 'Meriky," said Jack, as he pocketed the money handed him. "It's all the same whether I get this from you or the old woman, being's as it all comes from the same pile."

"Be off!" said Carroll, hoarsely, as he pointed toward the gate. "Go, before I'm tempted to kill you!"

Neither one had noticed, during their heated conversation, a man glide from behind a group of trees and approach stealthily until he stood behind Jack Merry. Jack picked up his hat slowly, and turned to go, but started back with a cry of alarm. He saw pointed straight at his breast the gleaming barrel of a revolver, shining in the moonlight.

"Hold hard, there, Cheerful," said the man, as Jack made a movement to strike down the pistol. "Ye know I never miss. You've played yer cards well, but you've lost."

"You've got the best of me this time, sure," said Jack, sullenly, making no resistance.

"Put on these bracelets—you know how," said the detective, for such he was.

An answer came sooner than was expected; he suddenly felt a stunning blow on the head, and saw his prisoner leap by him like a whirlwind; he soon mounted the wall of the estate, and disappeared in the darkness.

"No good—he's gone again," muttered the detective, musingly; then, turning for the first time, he met Carroll's inquiring eyes. "Beg pardon, sir, but he and his mate are old offenders. I've been shadowing them for months, and now to lose him at the last moment, it's too much! I'm sorry I had to overhear your talk, but we have to do such things in the profession. There's a woman that's always with him—ain't seen her for months; expect she's laying low, things were getting so hot for her. What's the matter? You're as pale as death."

No answer came. Carroll fell down in a dead faint, just as a woman's shriek came from the house, and a pallid woman's face appeared at the window, then vanished like a flash of lightning, not quick enough, however, to escape the searching eye of the detective; he recognised her face in a moment.

Laying Carroll gently down, he rushed toward the house.

Clambering up its trellised sides, he did not pause until, resting on the sill from whence the sound had proceeded, he threw wide the shutters

and looked searchingly into the room. All seemed quiet.

The little French clock on the mantel was ticking away, and on a Persian rug before the open fireplace was stretched a great Angora cat purring lazily.

The detective's eye wandered toward the richly carved bed; the crimson draperies were torn aside; he could catch the outline of a woman's form lying there, still as death. He hesitated no longer, but entered, approaching the bed quietly, fearing to disturb her sleep. On tip-toe he approached; still the figure did not move. He stood by the bed, but started back, with a cry of surprise. The woman was dead!

The cry seemed to be echoed by one of intense agony, and there, standing in the doorway, with wild rolling eyes and deathlike face, stood Carroll, his arm raised above his head in mute agony.

He staggered forward and threw himself with a smothered sob by the bedside of the woman he loved so well.

The moonlight, streaming in through the open window, cast a weird light around the strange group.

The air was filled with some subtle incense. The light fell softly on the silent figure on the couch, with flowing hair like burnished gold, on the man sobbing like a child at her feet, burdened with a great sorrow, on the stern face of the detective in the background, half veiled in shadow, looking on stolidly.

So the night passed and the morning broke. But the memory of that night will linger long in the heart of Carroll Marston, strive though he may among the glitter of the outward world to find oblivion for the past. E. P.

THE VICTIM OF A THEORY.

"You see, Bessy, that even this work, generally supposed to be entirely confined to man's province, is quite within the power of a determined woman."

Bang went a great shovel full of snow over the low garden-fence, into the road, as Aunt Julia spoke.

Daisy, having nearly exhausted her breathing apparatus, merely panted out:

"Yes, aunt," and struggled with her shovel in a snow bank till she raised about a tea-cup full of snow, which was even less in quantity before it reached the outside of the same garden-fence.

She was doing her best, and this was the result.

Aunt Julia, nearing fifty years of age, five feet ten inches—which, mind you, is no mean measure for a woman—gaunt in frame, strong in health, homely in feature, wore a waterproof ulster, an alpaca dress tucked up to disclose a short, scarlet petticoat, and long, indiarubber boots, and was shovelling snow with even, strong sweeps of a big shovel, as well as a man could do the same task.

Bessy, not quite eighteen, five feet nothing, trim in figure, pretty as a fairy, also attired in ulster, scarlet petticoat, and boots, heroically endeavoured to follow the noble example before her, and ignominiously failed.

Her arms were tired, her feet were cold, and she was more than half way over the road between misery and tears when Aunt Julia paused.

"I'm going to the post-office," she said, sticking the shovel into a pile of snow. "There is only the pavement to do now; so you can easily finish it alone."

Off she strode, while Bessy said faintly:

"Only the pavement! She has thrown every atom of snow from the garden walk on the pavement!"

She was nearer still to that burst of tears when she heard:

"Allow me, Miss Fairley! Your arms are scarcely strong enough for this!"

And before she could utter thanks or objections Harry Templeton was clearing off the pavement with rapid, dexterous tosses of the shovel, equal to Aunt Julia's best efforts.

She did not know, as she strode onward to the village post-office, how this same Harry Templeton had been watching her from his own window and pitying Bessy, until the opportunity opened to offer more than pity.

It was by no means the first time he had watched these new neighbours, and pitied blue-eyed Bessy.

He was of some importance in the place, heir to a fine house and ample fortune left by his father some two years before, with a life income to his widowed mother, but otherwise entirely Harry's own property.

The little cottage Aunt Julia rented was part of Harry's possession, and there was only a garden and a hedge between the handsome residence of the Templetons and the little, humble house where Aunt Julia and Bessy made their abode.

"They are awfully poor," Harry had told his mother, "though there was no objection made about the rent, and they do not seem to do any regular work for a living. Reduced gentlewomen, I think, for the old lady is a lady, in spite of her eccentricities, and the younger one—"

"Well, what about the younger one?" asked Mrs. Templeton, quietly.

"She is so pretty, mammy!"

"Well!"

"And so miserable: I have seen her crying in the garden. I am sure her aunt bullies her dreadfully. And the house is so uncomfortable. No carpets, iron bedsteads, wooden chairs."

"You seem very well informed," said Mrs. Templeton, dryly.

"Well, you see, mammy, they were moving in themselves, without any man about, no servant of any kind. And I was passing, and being their landlord, I—well, I couldn't see that little mite tugging heavy furniture about without offering to help. Now could I?"

"But, Harry, I really would not be very intimate with them."

All this conversation took place at a window overlooking the garden of the cottage, and while they talked, mother and son watched the two women shovel snow.

They had been three months inmates of the cottage, and Harry had improved his opportunities as landlord rather more than his mother suspected.

He had soon discovered that his presence was not pleasing to Aunt Julia, and kept out of her way; but from his vantage ground, the window, he kept himself pretty well informed of the movements of that lady, and before this fall of snow heralded winter weather, Daisy, in her walks, was astonished at the frequency of Mr. Templeton's errands in the same direction she was taking.

The pavement was cleared with rapidity. Daisy (did I mention that nobody but Aunt Julia ever called Miss Fairley by her proper name, Bessy?) followed the shovel with a broom and, when the way was clear, the shovel followed the broom into the kitchen. Something else followed; that I will tell you by-and-by.

But now I want to explain that the victim of a theory whom you were promised in the title was this same little five-foot nothing—blue-eyed Daisy Fairley.

Aunt Julia was a votary at the shrine of "woman's rights," strong-minded, energetic, resolute, and Daisy was her niece and property until she came of age or married.

The first era would be in three years; the last, Aunt Julia emphatically decided, would be—never!

It was a sense of dependence—a longing for protection—that drove women into the bonds of matrimony, "enslaved" them, as Aunt Julia said, and Daisy should be taught perfect independence and to be her own protector.

The first step was to remove her from all former associations, all intercourse with friends

of long standing, all danger of forming an attachment.

So the cottage was rented and Daisy's martyrdom inaugurated.

Not a man was allowed to come near the place with Aunt Julia's permission. Every ounce of food was carried by one or the other of the ladies from the village shop. Aunt Julia put in her own coal, split her own wood, hauled her own water from the well to the kitchen, Daisy obediently performing her portion of the work, with a longing for the strength of body that was certainly desirable as a companion to the strength of mind she was supposed to be acquiring.

But she had her hours of comfort, though she was loyally true to Aunt Julia, and made no complaint to Harry Templeton. If he met her whenever she went out, it was accident on her part. If he was always in his garden when Aunt Julia was out, Daisy was innocent of any appointment with him. But if he seemed to the little tired out victim a rest and a refuge, was she to blame?

When Aunt Julia lectured upon the enormities of mankind, the wickedness of every masculine heart, the depravity of every male in every station, Daisy mentally checked off every sentence with: "Except Harry Templeton."

She loved him long before he took her shovel into his strong hands.

He went home just as Aunt Julia slammed the garden gate, and found his mother sewing at the window where he had left her more than an hour before.

"Mammy," he said, sitting upon a low stool at her feet, and capturing both her little white hands in his own strong ones, "don't you think you would like to have a daughter?"

"But Harry!" she cried, aghast, "you have only known her three months."

"Yes—but—"

"And they are so miserably poor."

"I am rich, mammy. My wife will not be poor."

"But you know nothing about her—you—"

There she paused, for her boy's handsome head rested upon her shoulder, and his voice was low, tender and pleading, as he said:

"Mammy, I love her! She is poor, worried, and unhappy, and that she-dragon makes her work like a slave. I cannot bear to have it so, when I can make her happy, and give her ease and comfort. You will go to see her, will you not?"

"Yes—yes. I will go to-day."

For she had never crossed him in all the three and twenty years of his life.

Harry was right when he said Aunt Julia was a lady. Mrs. Templeton met as courteous a reception in the bare-floored parlour with the wooden chairs as she had ever met in velvet-draped saloon.

It was rather a reluctant consent Aunt Julia gave to Daisy's spending the next day with her caller; but she did consent, for the pleading blue eyes were very dear to her, in spite of her theories.

She also submitted when Daisy put aside the cheap alpaca and print apron of everyday wear, and appeared the next morning with what Aunt Julia grimly called "all her war-paint and fallals."

Very pretty war-paint it was. The soft brown hair that had been tightly coiled for three months was loosely arranged in becoming style, with a fringe of soft natural curls over the forehead.

The dress of deep blue silk was fashionable yet, and the softest of lace was round throat and wrists. Ornaments of dead gold, simple yet rich in effect, completed the attire, at which Mrs. Templeton gazed in some astonishment as its wearer entered her drawing-room.

She was alone, having requested Harry to absent himself until dinner-time, and she was surprised to see how much more easy and graceful Daisy was in her sweeping train and handsome dress than in her coarse attire of the day before.

Aunt Julia's absence had its weight in this,

but Mrs. Templeton only guessed this. She gave Daisy cordial welcome, so cordial that very soon the little, cramped heart expanded under the genial warmth of her new friend's manner, and she grew confidential.

"But, my dear," Mrs. Templeton said, after a long hour of easy, pleasant talk, "if your mother was Bessie Thatchers, you must be the daughter of Robert Fairley, the great oil merchant."

"Yes, of course I am; but papa and mamma are both dead, you know."

"But how came you to lose your property?"

"Lose it! I haven't lost any of it. I suppose I am worth nearly half a million."

"But how do you come to be living in that miserable cottage, and working like a servant?"

"Oh, we are testing Aunt Julia's theory, and I promised to do exactly as she wished for six months. 'We are proving,' and Daisy here cleared her throat, struck an attitude, and gave a fine burlesque of Miss Julia's oratorical efforts—"we are proving that man, as a useful element of society, can be entirely dispensed with. We have our mental incapacity, our physical weakness constantly quoted as an argument to keep us in a state of subjection, against which we rebel. For our mental incapacity let the medical students, the lawyers, the authors of our sex rise in contradiction. As to our physical strength, it needs to be developed! Developed! And I am to be a practical illustration of what a magnificent coal-heaver and snow-shoveller can be made of."

"The dearest little dot of girlhood in the world," said a merry voice at the door.

"Don't interrupt the speaker!" cried Daisy, offering feeble resistance to a pair of encircling arms, and the pressure of a moustached lip. "Are you not ashamed, before your mother?"

"I imagine mammy will get accustomed to it!" said Harry, coolly.

Mrs. Templeton laughed merrily, and the dinner-bell sounded. There was music in the evening, and Daisy's skilled fingers revelled in the grand piano, while her sweet voice rang out in a new fascination for Harry, who was passionately fond of music.

He was her escort home, and on his return his mother told of her discoveries. At about the same time Aunt Julia, with many groans and dire prophecies of woe to come, learned that all her teaching, example and training had ended, for Daisy, in Harry Templeton and matrimony.

However, she graciously admitted that "it might have been worse," and returned to the city to prepare a gorgeous trousseau and a magnificent wedding.

"For," she said, "if she must be married, it is as well to have such a wedding as her father would have given her!"

And whenever Mrs. Harry Templeton becomes rebellious, her mamma-in-law sweetly inquires if she would not like to shovel the snow off the garden walk and prove herself fully able to dispense entirely with the assistance of any horrid man. A. S.

FACETIÆ.

PROVERB for Friends of the "Cat"—"Put no faith in nine-tail bearers."

—Funny Folks.

"STARTLING EFFECTS."

PEEP-SHOWMAN: "On the right you observe the 'express train a-comin' along, an' the signal lights, the green and the red. The green light means 'caution,' and the red lights signifies 'danger.'"

SMALL BOY (with his eye to the aperture): "But what's the yaller light, sir?"

PEEP-SHOWMAN (slow and impressive): "There ain't no yaller light—but the green and

the red. The green light means 'caution,' and the red light signifies—

SMALL BOY (persistently): "But what's the other light, sir?"

PEER-SHOWMAN (losing patience): "Tell yer there ain't no"—(takes a look—in consternation)—"blowed if the darned old show ain't a-fire!" —Punch.

MY CABMAN.

One day I took a cab and drove
To see a friend named White;
Arriving there I paid as fare
Exactly what was right.

My Jehu pocketed the coin,
Said "Thank you" with a smile,
Then, without growl or argument,
He drove away in style.

Amazement deep my bosom filled,
Delight I could not hide;
That cabby but his fare I gave,
And he was—satisfied.

Amazed—I woke! 'Twas strange that
he
Existent I should deem;
I might have known that he must be
The cabby of a dream!

—Funny Folks.

SINGULAR EXPERIENCES.

FASCINATING HOSTESS: "Ah! I sadly fear that you are not a marrying man."

VISITOR: "Yet I ought to be. For several years I proposed, on an average, to a dozen pretty girls a week."

HOSTESS: "A dozen? And yet they all refused you?"

VISITOR: "On the contrary, they mostly accepted me."

HOSTESS: "Yet you never married?"

VISITOR: "No; to the best of my recollection, seldom, if ever."

(He had to explain, though, that he was on the stage when he went through these singular experiences.) —Funny Folks.

SMART BOY, THAT.

(Scene: Minerva House, Academy for Young Ladies. Pupils' Entrance.)

LADY PRINCIPAL: "What are you going up those stairs for, sir?"

YOUNGSTER: "I don't know. I am only following what it says on the door."

L. P.: "On the door? There is nothing there but the word 'pupils.'"

Y.: "Oh, then I must have read it reversed on the wrong side of the glass. I took it for 'slip up.'"

—Funny Folks.

"THEM STOOPID COCKNEY 'ABITS."

MRS. STUBBS: "See, missy, I be a-drawin' some water for your bath."

LITTLE MISSIE: "Do you draw the water for your bath out of the same well, Mrs. Stubbs?"

MRS. STUBBS: "Lawk, missie, no. I be a matter of fifty year old, an' I never yet heered tell on onybody 'avin' a bath in these parts 'cept when you Lunnon gentry comes down." —Fun.

A "SMALL" DIFFICULTY.

PATER: "Now, Flo, give the hippopotamus a biscuit!"

FLO (doubtfully): "Do you think he could eat a whole one, papa?" —Fun.

FARMER'S LOGIC.

FARMER'S LOGIC: "Respect his theological opinions! Why, look 'ere, mum, he was a-lookin' at that there field of 'oats o' mine the other day, and he sez, sez he, 'That there's a nice lot o' young wheat you've got, Mister Giles,' sez he. There's a theological opinion for ye!" —Fun.

A STABLE COMPANION.

A SHIP differs from a horse inasmuch that it will not work well if it's trained. —Fun.

"THERE'S MANY A TRUE WORD," ETC.

LANDLADY (to Smith, who has just left his luggage at the station, and is hunting for lodgings): "Well, we are rather full just now, I must say, but I darsay we can 'manage to take you in.'" —Fun.

ON THE QUIET.

(Scene: Horse-Dealer's Yard.)

INTENDING PURCHASER (doubtfully): "What makes him lay his ears back like that?"

DEALER (more in sorrow than in anger): "Lor, sir, that shows what a sensible hanimal he is. He's a-list'n'ing to all what we says about him!" —Judy.

STATISTICS.

POPULATION AND REPRESENTATION.—A Parliamentary return recently issued shows that the estimated population of England in the present year is 25,165,336, and the total net produce of the revenue derived from taxation (exclusive of the amounts for the Post Office and Telegraph services) £58,192,297. The estimated population of Scotland is 3,627,453, and the revenue £7,844,252; and the estimated population of Ireland 5,363,324, and the net produce of the revenue £6,499,353. If the 653 members of Parliament were allotted according to population, England would have 485 members, Scotland 70, and Ireland 103. If the allotment were made proportionately to the amount of revenue, England would have 516 members, Scotland 78, and Ireland 64.

MUSINGS.

If life were nought but sunshine

Would love be half so sweet?

If bliss were all unbroken

Would pleasure be less fleet?

If sorrows fell about us

And woke no thought of fear—

If misery were a phantom

Would true joy be as dear?

Were friends ne'er falsely proven,

Were hearts ne'er rent in twain,

Would life be worth the living,

If once bereft of pain?

Ah, well, what matter? Life's but a garb

That shields the great unknown,

And we must weary of its wearing

Ere we kneel beside the throne.

W. G.

GEMS.

No legacy is so rich as honesty.

The perfectly-contented man is also perfectly useless.

The ideal saint of the young moralist is cut from sappy timber.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

The vigorous idea keeps warm, though wrapped in few words.

Faith that asks no questions kills the soul and stifles the intellect.

It is upon smooth ice we slip; the rough path is safest for the feet.

As the body is purified by water, so is the soul purified by truth.

Every child walks into existence through the golden gate of love.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO MEND CHINA.—Take a very thick solution of gum arabic in water, and stir into it plaster of Paris, until the mixture is of a proper consistency. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges of the china, and stick them together. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

SUET PUDDING.—Four eggs, one-half pound or one cup of suet, chopped fine; one pint of bread-crumbs, one quart of milk, one half-teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of

nutmeg, and two tablespoonfuls of flour or corn-starch. Mix the suet, crumbs, cinnamon, nutmeg and flour (or corn-starch) together; boil the milk, and while it is hot pour suet, &c., into it, beating thoroughly; add the eggs, beaten. Sweeten to the taste; add a little salt, brown the pudding in an oven, and serve warm.

CORN-STARCH CAKE.—One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, three eggs, one-third cup milk, one and one-half cups corn-starch, one teaspoonful soda; flavour with rose or vanilla.

OYSTER MACARONI.—Boil macaroni in a cloth to keep it straight. Put a layer in a dish seasoned with butter, salt and pepper, then a layer of oysters; alternate until the dish is full. Mix some grated bread with a beaten egg, spread over the top, and bake.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCHLOSS JOHANNISBERG, with all its vineyards, the celebrated property of Prince Metternich, is reported to have been sold to Baron Rothschild, of Vienna, for £100,000.

THE last Paris witticism emanates from Alexander Dumas, who affirms that while in 1872 any man who wished for a rich wife looked out for an artist's daughter, as paintings in those days fetched literally golden prices, now, in 1879, the most eligible parti is manifestly the daughter of a member of the umbrella-making fraternity, who, in the present weather, are rapidly becoming millionaires.

"NEVER prophesy before you know" is a very safe maxim, and a Burmese prophet has got into sad trouble for neglecting the golden rule, for King Theebaw was so enraged when he found out that a certain Hypongwee or Phothoodow, who foretold him greatness and victory over his enemies, was an impostor, that he ordered him to be crucified, and fined the Governor of Minhla, who sent him to Mandalay, 35,000 rupees.

A NEW Teetotal-Vegetarian Sect has sprung up in Russia, the founder being a "prophetess," a young and handsome Polish peasant woman named Xenia Ivanowna Kusmin, who has chosen twelve apostles to preach her doctrines, which enjoin abstinence from wine, meat, and marriage—tea being ordained as the orthodox beverage. Shaking hands is reckoned a great sin, while, at the religious meetings, it is prescribed that each person shall kiss everyone else.

SWIMMING for ladies is again the subject of a letter from Mr. J. Garratt Elliott, the Hon. Secretary of the London Swimming Club, who, in answer to numerous lady applicants for gratuitous tuition, regrets not yet being able to accord them the privilege which now for ten years past has been freely given to the male sex. He says that a most admirable movement is set on foot by Miss Grace Blatchley, of 362, Oxford Street, whereby the first-class Bath in Tottenham Court Road is set apart every Wednesday morning up to 2 p.m., at sixpence, and from that hour to 10 p.m., at 2d. By this as well as by the advantages afforded at Chelsea, Marylebone, Camden Town, Lambeth, Queen's Road, Bayswater, the fair sex have ample opportunities of acquiring this most useful accomplishment.

THE question of beards is just now agitating the military mind. It seems that the army regulations are that officers and men when in this country must have a clean-shaven chin. They can wear whiskers or moustache, but the useful appendage of a beard is forbidden, except in the case of pioneers, who can sport this appendage. When abroad the commanding officer has the privilege of allowing his soldiers to grow their beards. Some of the superior officers in the army have not obeyed this regulation, and as military law is supposed to be impartial, there has been a good deal of talk respecting those who ought to set an example failing to carry out in their own persons a regulation that they have to enforce on the lower grades of officers and the men.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS must in all cases be accompanied with full name and address; they will be replied to under the initials.

T. G.—Gentlemen do not generally wear "engagement rings."

CURLY.—You do not hear the thunder as soon as you perceive the lightning, because sound moves only at the rate of 1,120 feet a second, but light travels with inconceivable rapidity. A ray of light is seven minutes and a half in reaching the earth from the sun.

MADEIRA W.—All legislatures, if effective, are injurious; they all contain quicklime and a preparation of arsenic, so that if employed in sufficient quantities to remove the hair they will most likely remove the skin also.

JOHN.—Clouds are masses of watery vapour which float in the air, from one to four miles high. They differ from fogs by their height and less degree of transparency. The cause of the latter circumstances is the thinness of the atmosphere in its higher regions, where the particles of vapour become condensed.

JACK'S DARLING.—1. The word does not signify anything in particular. Black and light brown, approaching auburn.

G. B.—If you repeat your question we shall perhaps understand you.

CONSTANT READER.—The 25th day of October, 1832, fell on a Monday; the 4th day of February, 1839, on a Tuesday.

P. J. H.—The motive for repeatedly shaving is that the hair shall grow stronger and thicker. Fair people generally have weak hair. Personally, we have cultivated with but little attention a good moustache without shaving.

CAMBRIDGE.—Your quickest way will be to write to the Manager, Bank of England, stating your wishes. We presume the ordinary civil service examination would have to be gone through.

REBECCA S.—Any bookseller would obtain what you require.

MARY ANN.—Between thirty and forty, women either become stout or thin, and diet will assist you but little. As a general rule, to reduce fat it is necessary to avoid all farinaceous food, such as butter, pastry, strong tea, eggs, beer, &c.

FRANK.—We have put your two questions together, and find the reply to the one in the other. Go to a bookseller's in Paternoster Row (Kent's, for instance) and buy a good grammar, geography, English history, and a volume on the art of reasoning or formal logic, and master them.

W.—She is right in not being willing to act contrary to her father's wish:

EDGAR.—Plainly the lady thought that in the relations in which you stood to one another you should not have required to be sent for to her side. We think so too. She probably has made up her mind to let you alone till you see your error, which she certainly has a perfect right to do.

J. C.—Editors and theatrical managers are not bound to return manuscripts left with them for perusal. Amateur authors should always keep copies of their productions.

JAMES.—Gold is not much used for household purposes, except in the smaller articles. Salt-cellars are permitted to be different from the rest of the "service" on a table, and would make a graceful and not too expensive gift at a golden wedding.

E. M.—Perhaps if you had a thrifty wife she would help you to keep your money. But it would be better to have enough saved up to live on for at least a year before marrying, so as to guard against the consequences of accident or illness.

RUBY.—If you will examine the thirty-first chapter of Genesis and the forty-ninth verse you can find the meaning of "Mispah" for yourself. For a ring a good terse Latin motto is "Semper idem;" if a lady is giving it she may get "Semper Eadem." In both forms the meaning is "always the same"—a good feature in the character of man or woman.

H. J. P.—Your father legally has no right to detain the document, but in the absence of knowing his reasons for so acting we must decline to give you advice which would assist you in proceeding against your parent. We presume he is acting for your welfare, though possibly you cannot appreciate it.

ROSE, LILY, and VIOLET, three friends, would like to correspond with three young men with a view to matrimony. Rose is nineteen, light hair, hazel eyes, fond of home and music. Lily is eighteen, fair, blue eyes, fond of home. Violet is handsome, auburn hair, blue eyes, fond of home, domesticated.

RED LIGHT, GREEN LIGHT, and WHITE LIGHT, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Red Light is twenty-two, medium height, dark, good-looking. Green Light is twenty-two, tall, fair. White Light is twenty-five, dark, hazel eyes, medium height.

GEORGE and HARRY, two friends, wish to correspond with two domestic servants residing in or near Manchester. George is twenty-one, auburn hair, brown eyes, fond of home. George is twenty-two, light hair, blue eyes, fond of music.

GALLOPERS and TROTALONG, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. Gallopers is fair, blue eyes, fond of home and children. Trotalong is tall, fair, domesticated, blue eyes, fond of home and music. Addresses required.

"MY BABY, GONE TO SLEEP."

Oh! where have they carried my baby,
My baby, gone to sleep?
I thought that the precious treasure
Was all my own to keep.
But they filled the wee hands with roses,
And closed the eyes so bright,
And afar, in Death's silent city,
They had hid him away from my sight.

I awake to the voice of my darling,
I turn—but no baby is there!
I but gaze on an empty cradle,
And a lonely, vacant chair.
Ah! never again will be nestle
In my arms for a loving embrace;
And I never may pet or caress him,
Or kiss the sweet, innocent face.

He ne'er will hush "papa" and "mamma,"
In boyhood's dear happy way;
And the pure, tender prayers of our childhood
I never can teach him to say.
But I think he will learn of the angels
In his beautiful home up above,
And his prayers will be wiser than ours are,
For there all is wisdom and love.

I thought to make bright with life's pleasures
All the paths for his small, timid feet;
Now his footsteps lead over the holy,
The shadowless, golden street.
And as oft as I list for the laughter
Of earth's winsome lads at their play,
I shall know that, whatever their future,
My sinless one never will stray.

Fold up the white robes of my darling;
I cannot look on them to-day!
The hours are so long and so lonely
Since they carried my baby away.
But yester I held it and kissed it
As it cooed in its bird-like glee;
You may say, "It was only a baby"—
He was all the world to me.

Oh, darling, our poor hearts were broken
Did Memory's joys not remain,
And the faith in thy rapture immortal,
That tooketh the sting from our pain?
For we know that beyond the world's portal
A sweet baby-angel awaits,
And that his dimpled hand shall lead us
Home, home, through the shining gates.

L. S. U.

PRIMROSE and LILY, two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen. Primrose is seventeen, medium height, dark hair, hazel eyes, fair, fond of home and music. Lily is eighteen, fair, fond of home, dark hair, hazel eyes.

LILY, eighteen, light hair, dark brown eyes, would like to correspond with a gentleman about twenty-six, handsome.

ALICE, thirty-five, a widow, with three little girls, would like to correspond with a seaman in the Royal Navy. Respondent must be good-looking.

HOLYSTONE, SANDBOX, and KNEELER, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Holystone is twenty-two, medium height, curly hair, fair, of a loving disposition. Sandbox is twenty-two, tall, fair, good-looking, fond of music and dancing. Kneeler is twenty-four, dark, medium height, loving. Respondents must be between nineteen and twenty-one.

MADOLIN, tall, light hair, blue eyes, would like to correspond with a young man about eighteen, of a loving disposition, and fond of music. Madolin must forward address.

HABITUAL, GENERAL, and PUTTY, three marines in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. Habitual is twenty-five, fair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition. General is twenty, fair, good-looking, medium height. Putty is twenty-one, tall, dark, of a loving disposition, and good-looking.

VERNON'S RELAY, SHUTTER APPARATUS, and SHINOTTE TEST, three seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. Vernon's Relay is twenty, good-looking, fond of dancing. Shutter Apparatus is nineteen, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of children. Shinotte Test is twenty-one, curly hair, dark eyes. Respondents must be about twenty, fond of home and children.

J. C. and M. K., two friends, wish to correspond with two young gentlemen. J. C. is tall, dark, fond of music, of a loving disposition. M. K. is good-looking, medium height, fond of home. J. C. and M. K. must send addresses. Respondents must be good-looking, of a loving disposition, fond of home and music.

LOVING ANNIE and LITTLE JENNIE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men. Loving Annie is twenty-eight, medium height, dark, and domesticated. Little Annie is twenty-one, fair, medium height. Respondents must be about the same age, tall, fond of home and children.

LONDON COCKNEY, a private soldier, would like to correspond with a domestic servant. He is twenty-one, of medium height, fair.

NETTLES PARTY, BOROUGH ISLAND COOK, and DISMOUNTING TACKLE, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies with a view to matrimony. Nettles Party is twenty-two, good-looking, fair, fond of children. Borough Island School is twenty-one, fair, blue eyes, loving, fond of music. Dismounting Tackle is twenty-one, medium height, good-looking, and of a loving disposition.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

LOVELY LOW is responded to by—S. E., twenty-two; by—Frank N., twenty, with £300 a year, and £480 when of age; by—Thomas St. C., who thinks he is all she requires; and by—William, good-looking, fair, loving, and fond of children.

SILVER THREADS by—Albert W., a widower, without encumbrance; and by—George W., thirty-eight, also a widower.

LOUISA U. C. by—William, twenty-two, dark hair and eyes, good-looking; and by—John, medium height, fair, blue eyes, of a loving disposition, fond of home and children.

LILY by—Henry, good-tempered, of a loving disposition, fond of children.

RUBY by—Beltran, nineteen, dark hair, grey eyes, and loving.

PEARL by—William, twenty, light hair, medium height, fond of music.

ALFRED T. by—M. P., twenty-one, dark brown hair and eyes, thoroughly domesticated.

ADA by—J. M., nineteen.

DAISY by—F. H., twenty-two.

W. W. by—Bosa, twenty-one.

A. G. L. by—Cottieglass, seventeen, brown hair, dark eyes, fond of music.

J. B. D. by—Sisseldown, nineteen, golden hair, grey eyes.

SPRITSAIL JACK by—Moss Rose, eighteen, domesticated, dark, fond of music and dancing.

GRANULATED CARBON by—A. S., twenty, domesticated, medium height, of a loving disposition, fond of home and children.

SPINAKER by—M. A. P., twenty-two, medium height, dark, good-looking.

ADA by—Fred, fond of music and dancing.

FLYING FORESAIL by—A. E. M., twenty, fair, dark eyes, good-tempered, fond of music.

SPRITSAIL YAK by—E. G., nineteen, blue eyes, tall, fair, of a loving disposition.

SMOKESAIL by—J. G., eighteen, brown eyes, medium height, fond of children, fair.

BEAR TAUCY by—S. C., twenty, medium height, good-looking. Address required.

H. B. by—Mand M., sixteen, blue eyes, fair.

J. C. by—E. G., dark, of a loving disposition, fond of home. Address required.

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